The Right Noble William Duke of Devonshire
Lord Steward of his Ma.tie Household & Knight
of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

MICROFILMED—1976

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THE English Frier: OR, THE Town SPARKS.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted by Their

Majesty's Servants.

By Mr. *CROWNE.*

LONDON:

Printed for *James Knapton,* at the Crown in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, 1690.

XUM

XUM

TO THE
Right HONOURABLE
WILLAM,
Earl of Devonſhire.

Lord Steward of Their Majeſties Houſhold, Lord Lieutetenant of the County of *Derby*, Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, and one of Their Majeſties Moſt Honourable Privy Council.

My Lord,

THE World no doubt will think I judge this Play a faultleſs and excellent piece, when they ſee it preſented to your Lordſhip, who cou'd never be tempted by Kings, to countenance faults in any Man. I will not here ſay, what my opinions are of this Comedy, perhaps ſome part of mankind and I differ about it, and I will not be guilty of the ill manners, I may ſay the ill morals to wrangle in the preſence of a Nobleman, who gives all perſons an obliging and entertaining reception. It would therefore be ingratitude to offend him who pleaſes all. I ſhall for that reaſon refer all diſputes to a place where they may be manag'd with more decency; and here I only beg leave to tell your Lordſhip, I approach you not as an Author, but as an *Engliſh-man*; not to beg protection for my Errors, but to make my juſt acknowledgments to thoſe qualities and deſerts that have made all *Engliſh-men* your debtors. It has been our misfortune to live in a vicious, degenerate age, where men were thought great Wits, that had no more wit, than what wou'd ſerve vitious pleaſures. Where men were thought great Politicians, that had no more policy than what ſerv'd the Courts Ambition or their own: Where men were thought able Lawyers, whoſe beſt skill was in confounding and overthrowing Law. When men were thought the beſt Divines, and trueſt Sons of the Church, who were for delivering up the *Engliſh* Church, and Proteſtant Faith, into the mercy of a Church which has neither Faith nor Mercy, but boaſts of Infidelity as

a Vertue. And we have faln into the ſame miſerable miſtakes; Vertue has been ſo ſtrange and unknown amongſt us, Vice has paſs'd for Vertue, Treachery to our Country, was called Fidelity to the King, Betraying the Laws was call'd Loyalty, which is Fidelity to them: Baſeneſs of Spirit was called Chriſtian Fortitude: And therefore men did all they could to diſpirit us, in order to improve us. They practis'd upon us the Arts of the Vertuoſo; they emptied our Veins of the *Engliſh-men*, and transfus'd a ſleepiſh Nature into us, which diſpos'd us to Slaughter: And when they had done this, they thought they compleated us. In ſuch an Age, a little Wiſdom and Vertue would ſhine, and be of excellent uſe; but your Lordſhip, even in this Age, have ſet an example that might have ſhone in the beſt times, not only of *England*, but perhaps of *Rome* it ſelf. When all Vertues were at the greateſt heighth they ever were among Mankind that we know of; then wou'd your Lordſhip have been eminent for good Senſe, Valour, Honour, Conſtancy, Faith, Friendſhip, and the moſt Noble of *Roman* Vertues. What then is owing to your Lordſhip from this Age, when much of theſe had been unknown to us, had they not been maintained by your ſelf, and ſome few great Men more, but by very few in ſo eminent a degree as you have done? Who begun ſo early? In Youth, a time when moſt Men think not at all, or of nothing but Pleaſure, then did you think and act right, and was one of the greateſt Patrons of Truth and Right in the Kingdom. Not that you wholly rejected Pleaſures, which ſome do, more from a narrowneſs than greatneſs of Mind, they cannot attend to many things at once: Your Lordſhip entertain'd Pleaſures; how cou'd you ſhun them? They will follow the young, fortunate and accompliſhed. They who pleaſe all, cannot miſs Pleaſures. You entertained them, but with a ſpirit that went beyond them, and made publick ſervice the chief of your Pleaſures. This muſt needs give you a luſtre in an age, when ſo few ſeek the publick, and ſo many themſelves. How many of our pretended Patriots, have taken our liberties under their Guardianſhip only to ſell them? No wonder they ſold ours, when they ſold their own. How many of our ſeeming Pious Men paid great Devotion to the Crown in ſhow, but indeed to themſelves? The Wiſe men adored for the ſake of a Star, called the Diſpoſal of Church Dignities. When this Star fixt over the Popedom, how unanimous were the Wiſe men in their adorations of the Pope, and their acknowledgments of his Divinity? When it wander'd, and began to ſhine over the Crowns of Princes, the Wiſe men began to alter their motions too, and differ among themſelves, but all agreed to follow the Star. But whether ſhould they go, who had no ſuch Star for their Guide?

Guide? They would ſeek the publick good, but knew not where to find it; for too many of our Learned Men have done all they could to make us ignorant, and with too great ſucceſs. They have attain'd to delude wiſe and great Princes, and made them believe they were the Publick, even when they were Enemies to it. *Codrus*, the *Athenian* King, had better inſtructions among his *Pagans*. When he was told the Enemies of *Athens* Plotted to ſave him, in obſervance of Oracles, that had promis'd them Victory, provided they kill'd not him, he to ſave his people, Plotted his own Deſtruction. Had he been bred under our modern Oracles, he would have plotted with the Enemy, to ſave himſelf by his Peoples Deſtruction. And if Wiſe Kings have been deceiv'd, no wonder weak thoughtleſs Men, and credulous Women, Souls prepar'd by Nature for Folly, abounded with it, when it was ſowed thick amongſt them. And what ſucceſſes it has had among theſe, is too apparent by our ill ſucceſſes. How induſtriouſly do thouſands oppoſe their own Preſervation, and paſs with themſelves and others, for the moſt Religious and Wiſeſt Proteſtants, and true *Engliſh*, becauſe they wiſh the ruine of our Religion and Nation, and deſire to ſee *England* Conquer'd by *French* Slaves, and *Iriſh* Fools? Theſe Follies are the dregs of a corrupt Age, and too nauſeous to be generally ſwallowed. But they are the genuine conſequence of thoſe things; too many great men have taught amongſt us, though they have been ſo ill Logicians, as to prove the Premiſes, and deny the Concluſion. How much to your Lordſhips Honour has it been, that you in Youth had more underſtanding, than thoſe Oracles that pretend to give the Kingdom wiſdom? More Integrity and Noble Zeal, than many who were our Confeſſors, and are now our Martyrs. They maintain'd, indeed, Self-denying Opinions, and rendring all to the will of another, but with ſecret deſigns, of having that other under their will and direction. And now many ſuffer for the Publick in ſhew, but indeed for their private Credit among their believers and admirers, as we have too much reaſon to ſuſpect. Your Lordſhip in Youth, ſaw that Truth our Seers could not ſee, and ſupported it for its own ſake; not becauſe it ſupported you, for you have often ſuffered by it. Nor did you only begin well, you have held on with a reſolution and conſtancy rarely to be found. You have been always one and the ſame great Man, above all temptations or threats of Courts, and changes of Fortune, ever adhering to a Friend, and a Cauſe, if good, though their Fortunes were never ſo bad. Ill Courts could not awe or buy you; you had more Honour than they, and were better able to advance them, than they could you. To give them greatneſs by all honourable ways, was your ſole ambition; and this when you

you were not poſſeſſed of your preſent ſplendid Fortunes and Dignities, that your Greatneſs was in your ſelf. Then could nothing ſway you but the Publick Intereſt, of which a King is always a conſiderable part. Therefore your oppoſition never was to Kings, but to Princes, who would not be Kings, but ſomething apart from the Publick, and what we did not underſtand. Now we have a King, indeed we find your Lordſhip one of the Principal Ornaments of his Court, and Supports of his Reign.

One thing I muſt not omit, though no man has more greatneſs than you, no man has more condeſcenſion. Though you are above the allurements and threats of Princes, you are humble to the meaneſt of Subjects: You are moſt obliging to all men, and yet have given proofs by your Sword, and otherwiſe you fear no Man. Theſe Qualities are very attractive, and no wonder if all perſons court you. And I doubt not but your Lordſhip will pardon me, if I by humbly dedicating my ſelf, and ſo much as there is of good ſenſe in my following poor labour, to your favour, endeavour to do my ſelf honour; I am not ſo vain to believe I can add any to you. That I may approach your Lordſhip with the leſs offence, I beſeech you give me leave to ſhew the Preſent I offer you, comes from hands more clean than ſome ſuppoſe. 'Tis true I oppos'd ſome that oppos'd the faults of Courts; but 'twas becauſe I thought they did it in ſo faulty a manner, as made the better cauſe appear the worſe; and confounded it with many a bad one. Ill manners is certainly a cauſe no Man ought to defend; and is not among the rights of the People: To expoſe this, I cou'd not offend any Man of Senſe and Quality; and therefore certainly, not the E. of *Devonſhire*, who is judg'd by all men, to be one of the beſt bred Gentlemen in *Europe*. I had much Bread from the Princely bounty of K. *Charles*, and claims to more from his Juſtice for a great Province of vaſt value given in his Reign to the *French*; half of which was my Fathers rightful Property and mine, as his heir. This fixt me in a dependance on that Court, for I could have my compenſation no where elſe; yet my averſions to ſome things I ſaw acted there by great men, carried me againſt my Intereſt, to expoſe Popery and Popiſh Courts in a Tragedy of mine, call'd, *The Murder of Humphry Duke of Glouceſter*, which pleas'd the beſt Men of *England*, but diſpleas'd the worſt; for e're it liv'd long, it was ſtifled by command. Nay, in what I wrote for the Court, I ſpar'd not their tampering with Knaviſh Lawyers, Magiſtrates, and *Iriſh* Evidence. But I am a Subject not to be reliſhed, after what is gone before. I'll give it over, for I ſhall ſufficiently recommend my ſelf to the eſteem of all good Men, under the Title of,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhips moſt Humble and Obedient Servant,

John Crowne.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

I Would ſay nothing in defence of this Comedy, if all the World were againſt it. It muſt be a great cauſe indeed that can juſtify a War upon the whole World; but there being multitudes, and ſome of very good ſenſe, that cry out on the Injuſtice done me, I think I cannot in Gratitude or Manners, fling up the cauſe as defenceleſs, and diſparage their Judgments, who ſeek to give me Reputation. I ſhall not trouble the Reader with much Defence, becauſe I do not hear much ſaid againſt me. The complaints that I hear of, plead in part for me. The faults they lay on the Characters are, there is not enough of any one of them: This is a plain confeſſion they are pleaſant, elſe never ſo little would be too much of them. They ſay many Perſons of Quality, of both Sexes, are expos'd in them. That's more than I know, who aim'd at no particulars; but this is a plain proof, they are natural. They ſay there are many Incongruities in them. Lord Stately, *contrary to his Pride, goes a Wooing for his Daughter, and begs Lord* Wiſeman *to accept her. They that ſay this are thick-ſighted, and do not ſee far enough. He Wooes for his Daughter, but 'tis in order to Wooe for the Court. The Court earneſtly deſir'd to get Lord* Wiſeman, *and Lord* Stately *pimps for the Court; a thing very agreeable to a Court Slave, practis'd at all times by ſuch men, and never more than in the laſt Court, when the greateſt men in the Kingdom went up and down begging the Laws of the meaneſt of the People. Nor is it unnatural to a proud man to do a ſhameful thing; on the contrary, the prouder he is, the more a fool, and the more likely to do nothing elſe. Proud men frequently take thoſe ways to Honour, that procure them Contempt. They ſay 'tis prepoſterous and abſurd in the Frier to ruſh ſo boldly into a Ladies Chamber. 'Tis granted, and for that reaſon I ſhew it, becauſe it was the frequent impudent practiſe of the late Prieſts and Friers. They who are diſpleas'd with my ſhewing this, are pleas'd with the conduct of the Friers, and fain would have them again.*

gain. Some ſay 'tis ridiculous and diſagreeing with the pride of the Frier, to Court a Waiting Gentlewoman; on the contrary, he wou'd therefore Court a Waiting Woman, becauſe he was proud. The pride of the Frier, was not the Pride of a Foppiſh Beau, who thinks the enjoying a Woman of Quality, one of the ſupream Glories of the World; 'twas the pride of a Popiſh Prelate, Apoſtle, and Converter of Nations. And he was to maintain, with all poſſible caution, a Character of Sanctity, which might be endanger'd by an addreſs to a Woman of Quality. If ſhe rejected and expos'd him, ſhe wou'd be believ'd. If ſhe receiv'd him, yet familiarities with her wou'd be difficult; and if they appeared, ſcandalous ſtories from a Waiting Woman wou'd be ſlighted, and he could trample on them with ſcorn; and if ſhe received him, they might converſe unſuſpected. Beſides, Chaplains and Waiting Woman naturally love like Twins. They are bred together, and have often one kind of birth. And who ſo likely to bear the Frier, when he was grown a Right Reverend Romiſh Bull, as a Waiting Woman, who us'd to bear him during his whole growth from a Calf of a Chaplain? And Right Reverend is a Name that ſounds much better in a Cathedral than an Amour; 'twill not come well into a Song or a Billet Doux; and if it ſtirs up a wanton Love Paſſion, it muſt be by the Money that attends it, and therefore moſt tempting to a Waiting Woman. Some ſay there's no Plot in the play, they may if they pleaſe, ſay I have no Eyes, if they do, I have no way to convince them of the contrary, but by deſiring them to open theirs, and look. I am not old enough to love telling ſtories twice, and will not do it; 'tis unjuſt to put the Bookſeller to charge for their folly. They that ſaw no Plot in the Play, may waſh their eyes from the duſt my Enemies made, and look again. If they will not, but will condemn me without a Tryal, whoſe will be the ſhame? That they ſaw no Plot in it the firſt day, it's poſſible, my Enemies made ſuch confuſion in the Pit, and by conſequence, among the Actors upon the Stage, no Plot could be well ſeen or heard, but one in the Pit to damn me, that was viſible and audible enough. A Play ought to be calmly heard before it is judg'd, and heard more than once, if it has any thing to ſay for it ſelf, as moſt acknowledge this has; Judges that have paſs'd haſty ſentences have oft been forc'd to recant. Plays that have been condemn'd a while, have been pardon'd and favour'd, nay, doted on after; and Plays that have been doted on a while, have been whipp'd and branded after. And this Play, notwithſtanding all the barbarous uſage it received, began viſibly to lift up its head, and take revenge on its Enemies; but the Players thought fit to keep it down, to preſerve the peace of the Stage, for otherwiſe they would never have given over a Play that brought ſo much good company together, as this did on the third day, by its own ſtrength: For I never did, or will, make court to multitudes, and therefore they never did, or will, make court to me. I have much ado to get my right from them; they who court them more get favours from them, but all that can be got this way is ſo ſmall, I love not to go out of my way for it. No man can conclude of the infirmity of the Play, barely from the miſchiefs it received; if a Houſe tumble of it ſelf, though it appeared never ſo ſtrong, moſt certainly 'twas weak, but if it be torn all to pieces, and toſt in the Air, the Devil was in't; no body can judge more or leſs of the ſtrength or weakneſs of the building. This Play, before it came on, pleas'd all that read it, all that I read it to, all that heard it rehears'd; all the Actors, they ſtudied their parts with great delight, and expectation of ſucceſs, and feared nothing more than not to maintain them ſo well as they deſerv'd. Since the acting alſo, it has pleas'd multitudes, and all are forc'd to confeſs, that there are many things new and pleaſant,

both

both in the Wit and Characters; yet, after all this, it is render'd horrible by some, as if it had nothing in it but Monsters. Over-nice Sparks turn their backs on it, and Ladies are kept from it, lest it shou'd fright them into Fits; this must proceed from the Devil, there's nothing of man in it: And what ill spirits were at work, I think every man knows. I have not read of any Battel, Siege or Skirmish, where any of the Enemies of the Government behav'd themselves with such mettle and boldness, as that Party did that attack'd this Play: They ran upon Edge and Point, and fought it with Head, Stick and Heel; and I commend them, for their Heels and Canes being as Wise as their Heads, but much harder, gave the Play the worst blows. Had they trusted only to their Heads, they might have been worsted, but striking the ground perpetually with Stick and Heel, made such a noise and confusion, that none but Butchers, and others us'd to Bull-baitings, cou'd take any pleasure in the House. To these they made such an agreeable entertainment, and others they so deafned, that none could attend to the Players. On the contrary, the Audience was become Actors, and the Actors an Audience; seeing a Play begun in the Pit, the Actors were bound in good manners to let their Parts fall, and give way to their betters. And so it is generally said, they did. Some acquit me, and lay great fault upon them. That I will not do, for some of them kept up their Parts to a very good height, and those that let them fall when they perceived them disgustful to any, were not in fault, but shewed more modesty than some Actors in the Pit, who Act Parts nauseous to the whole World; Parts for which they have been scorn'd already, by the Court they serv'd, and yet they desire the return of it, to be scorn'd again. For will that Court be more humble by Conquest? And these men more worthy of favour, by being twice fool'd? I will acknowledge, the opposition these men gave me, rather encreas'd, than diminish'd my Reputation among good men that knew them; but these Murderers of my Play, had not the mark of Cain *on their Forehead, they had Agitators, that drew many well-meaning people to their sides, who knew not whither they went. 'Tis very common with men to grow sick at a Play, and not to know whence the Disease comes; they often think 'tis caused by some ill Air from the Play, and it proceeds wholly from some pestilent Neighbour that blasts it. And as men that have the plague, often desire to infect a sound person; so half wits, whom Heaven has left to commit wicked Songs and Verses, and by such iniquities catch reproach, are always very desirous to give others some of their shame. None have run upon me with more eagerness than some of these did. How severe have some been against me, who could not furnish out a Song compleatly with sense, but have been forc'd to fill half on't with trash, as* Cardinal Campeius *did his Sumpters, and fell into his disgrace: Their Muses stumbled as his Beasts did, and out come all their empty Marrow-bones. 'Tis well known in this Town, there is a standing Army of such Fops as these, to maintain the Reign of Foppery, and fight all opposers of it, that will not truckle to them, and flatter them. This Play then must have had great vigour had it stood, for there were against it, all of the Romish Religion, all Protestants that would betray their Religion; besides, all the* Statelies, Ranters, *Coquets, Airy's, and Half-wits: A torrent able to bring Soil enough. And I wonder not the fancies of any were pall'd. And I do not wonder, if any honest Gentlemen of sense, and my very good friends, went away displeas'd with a Play imperfectly Acted, and furiously Opposed: I shall lay no faults to their charge, but over much modesty; they suffer their good judgments to be born down by a crowd of ill ones, and with over much precipitance. Besides, for ought I*

know, they have reaſons for their diſſatisfaction, I have not heard of; if they have not, yet I ſhall not blame them. A Play may diſguſt the fancy, when reaſon can find no fault. Some hate Tragedies though never ſo good; and others find no pleaſure in Comedy. After all, I do not pretend the Play wants faults, or that men of ſenſe cannot, with a little pains taking, find matter in it to be diſpleas'd. And if any of my friends, take pleaſure in being diſpleas'd, I ſhall ſubmit, and be glad I can give them pleaſure any way. My oppoſition in this defence, is chiefly bent againſt thoſe, who without regard to right or wrong, treated me with ſo much injuſtice, ſome (as themſelves have boaſted) to revenge on me, what I once wrote againſt them; others to revenge what I now wrote againſt them. Theſe laſt I have leaſt reaſon to complain of, they have uſed me as well as they deſire to do their Country and themſelves; for whoſe ſhame and ruine they ſtudy, and with paſſion long.

Dram-

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Lord *Stately*, Father of *Laura* and *Julia*.	Mr. Lee.
Lord *Wiſeman*, in Love with *Laura*.	Mr. *Kinaſton*.
Bellamour, in Love with *Julia*.	Mr. *Powell*.
Father *Finical*, a Frier, of the Covent of St. *James's*, and made a Biſhop *in partibus in fidelium*.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Young *Ranter*, a young Debauch of Quality.	Mr. *Williams*.
Old *Ranter*, his Father.	Mr. *Underhill*.
Dullman, a Companion of the Ranters.	Mr. *Bright*.
Lady *Pinch-guts* Coach-man.	Mr. *Bowen*.
Sir *Thomas Credulous*.	Mr. *Sandford*.

Laura, Lord *Statelys* Eldeſt Daughter, a great Gallant and Coquet.	Mrs. *Jordan*.
Julia, *Laura's* Siſter.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Airy, a young Gay Beauty, privately Debauch'd, and kept by Lord *Wiſeman*.	Mrs. *Butler*.
Lady *Pinch-gut*, a Rich Covetous Widow.	Mrs. *Lee*.
Lady *Credulous*, Sir *Thomas's* Wife, a Bigotted Papiſt, doting on Prieſts, an admirer of Father *Finical*.	Mrs. *Bowtell*.
Pancy, Lady *Credulous's* Woman.	
Ladies admirers of Father *Finical*.	

SCENE, *LONDON*.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Heaven to the Muſes, well may Coyn deny,
Pleaſures attend on 'em no Gold can buy.
Our Poet even in Poetry is poor,
Tet he ſo Charming finds his little ſtore,
All England *ſeems to him leſs Rich than he,*
For he's content, which England *ne'r will be.*
All Sects and Parties lend him ſtuff for Plays,
And his Delight, though not his Fortune raiſe.
Goods borrowed thus, he does not long retain,
But on the Stage brings Fools and Knaves again,
To thoſe that lent 'em, that they may have Uſe,
Profit and Pleaſure of their own produce.
To day he does make bold a Farce to ſhew,
Prieſts made and Acted here ſome Months ago;
They turn'd to Farce, the Court, the Church, the Laws,
It met a while ſome Fortune and Applauſe.
Now ſure, the Wits that did aſſiſt it then,
And fain wou'd have it Acted o're agen,
Will like it on the Stage; 'tis cheapeſt here:
Prieſts are good Actors, but they'r curſed dear;
And will, if they return, have greater pay,
With Reaſon; Oh, they loſt a hopeful Play.
Truth is, if ever Prieſts return, they come
With all the Hunger, Rage, Revenge o' Rome,
And therefore we had beſt no longer jar,
We ſhall agree too late when in the Snare.
Now they who once ſerv'd Prieſts, and ſtill promote
France, Teague, *and* Jeſuit, *in their ſecret Vote;*
And are ſo Mad, they'd give up Englands *Glory,*
Only to keep the wretched Name of Tory,
Had better quit their Plots, and cheaply ſit,
To ſee us Act the product of their Wit.

ACT.

ACT I. SCENE a Room,

Enter Lord Wiſeman *and his Gentleman.*

Gen. I Wonder your Lordſhip thinks of Marrying i' this Family, there's folly enough in it to make ten Families miſerable: 'Tis true, my Lord *Stately* is a great man.

Lord W. A great Man? He's a vain ſilly Old Boy, that at threeſcore is fond of toys, of the ſmiles of thoſe above him, and the cringes and bows of thoſe below him, that will rave if the Court don't dandle and pleaſe him: He's made a ſlave by ſlaves, and a fool by fools, and is more inconſiderable than thou art.

Gen. I, my Lord? I'm a great man in compariſon of him. I have a more noble employment. I ſerve your Lordſhip, a man of Honour, and you ſerve your ountry and Religion; my Lord *Stately* ſerves Prieſts and Friers, yet which is ſtrange, is a Proteſtant, and a very proud Man.

Lord W. Oh! your proud man, is ever ſervile. He's humble to thoſe above him, in order to domineer over all below him.

Gen. Will not your Lordſhip diſgrace your ſelf by Marrying this Lords Daughter?

Lord W. I will not Marry his Daughter but his Enemy, for ſo ſhe ſhall be if I Marry her. I mean an Enemy to his faults and follies. And ſo by Marrying her, I ſhall make War upon him, and give the Kingdom ſome Repriſals for the wrong he has done it.

Gen. But does your Lordſhip hope to get her conſent to marry you without a Fortune?

Lord W. I confeſs, 'tis not likely I ſhou'd prevail with a Sparkiſh Coquet to be a Martyr for Laws, who wou'd be Lawleſs, and values a *Billet-Doux* above *Magna Charta*. To be a Martyr for Religion, who goes not to adore, but to be ador'd, and cares not what faith men have in Religion, ſo they have a true faith in her Beauty.

Gen. I wonder your Lordſhip loves her.

Lord W. Love is ſeated in the Veins not in the Reaſon. And ſhe is handſom, and has much Wit in her Head, though little in her Conduct, Vertue in her Heart, though levity in her Behaviour. Her fault is not too little Vertue, but too much Vanity. Truth is, the Luxury ſhe finds in her Beauty, corrupts her Underſtanding.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, here is my Lord *Statelyes* Gentleman Uſher.

Lord W. Ha! Then my Lord has heard o'my addreſs to his Daughter, and by his coming ſhou'd approve of it, and by conſequence of our ſide. Call the Uſher.

Enter Uſher.

Uſh. An't pleaſe your Lordſhip, my Lord ſends to enquire of your Health, and if this be a convenient ſeaſon for your Honour to receive a viſit from his Lordſhip.

Lord W. A fool is never in ſeaſon. (*aſide.*) I ſhall be glad to ſee your Lord, when will he be here?

Uſh. Immediately, my Lord, his Honour is but at the next door, making a Viſit to a Perſon of Honour, and juſt as I came away, their Honours were upon taking their laſt ſolemn leaves.

Lord W. Never to ſee each other more, Sir, are they travelling?

Uſh. No, my Lord, they ſee each other daily, and never meet or part without many great and ſolemn Ceremonies.

Lord W. Coxcomb, there's no ſuch thing as a ſolemn ceremony. [*Aſide.*

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, here's your Lords Footman come from your Lord, to tell you your Lords Hat is blown out of his hand.

Lord W. Why did not the Footman take it up?

Uſh. He durſt not, my Lord, 'tis above him.

Lord W. Where? A top o' the Chimney?

Uſh. Above his Office, my Lord. [*Ex.*

Lord W. How does this fool for want of ſolid greatneſs ſwell with empty ceremony, and fortify himſelf without works. That a man muſt dig through Rubbiſh to come at an Aſs? Oh! here he comes!

Enter Lord Stately *and Uſher.*

My Lord, your Lordſhip has ſurpriz'd me, I intended to receive you at your Coach.

Lord Sta. My Lord *Wiſeman*, I am your creature upon my Honour; you have a pretty Houſe here—ha?

Lord W. Indifferent, my Lord.

Lord Sta. What?——

Lord W. Indifferent, my Lord. Pox on him, he counts it a piece o' State to have no ears——or at leaſt none for any thing but a Miniſter o' State. [*aſide.*

Lord Sta. Who's that?

Lord W. My Servant, my Lord.

Lord Sta. Is he of a good Family?

Lord W. I dont know, my Lord.

Lord Sta. Not know? Oh! that's a fault——a fault——Perſons of Honour [illegible] have men of faſhion about them. I mind nothing in my Gentlemen ſo much as Families; and ſo anciently all Perſons of Honour did: But the Civil Wars undid us, embezell'd all the Grandeur and Ceremonies of *England*. Sir, ſet your Lord and me a couple of Chairs. Will your Lordſhip give me leave to ſit?

Lord W. Oh! my good Lord——

Lord Sta. I mean by your Lordſhips example, till you ſit I ſtand——

Lord W. Oh! good my Lord——

Lord Sta. To all Eternity; I ſtand to Eternity.

Lord W. A fool is troubleſome even with his Courteſie.—— [*Aſide.*
My Lord, I'm at your command——

Lord

Lord Sta. My Lord, your humble——very humble——

After much ceremony he ſits and blows.

Now let me ſee——come—— pooh!—— [*Blows.*

Lord W. Pox o' this boyſtrous fool, what Devil brings him hither? [*Aſide.*

Lord Sta. Let me ſee—come—pooh! [*Blows.*

Lord W. Now is he thraſhing his brains for prate, and has nothing in them but chaff; wou'd he were beating Hemp in *Bridewell.* [*Aſide.*

Lord Sta. My Lord, I have not had the Honour to ſee your Lordſhip a conſiderable time; your Lordſhip comes not to Court, which I cou'd wiſh you wou'd: It becomes a man of Quality to follow the Court. It has been the glory of our Family, there has not been one perſon in it theſe four hundred years, that has not followed the Court, ſerved the Court, voted for the Court, fought for the Court, nay, many of us have had the honour to loſe our Heads for the Court; and is not that a great thing? Ha? What?

Lord W. No doubt, my Lord, 'tis very honourable to pay reverence to our Princes, and all obedience to their lawful commands; but I am very unwilling to pay reſpect to Prieſts and Fryers that abuſe the Court and Nation.

Lord Sta. Oh they are great Favourites, and 'tis a piece of good breeding to honour a Favourite. Pray come to Court, my Lord, and make a figure there as I do; it will be very well taken. I'll aſſure you, your Lordſhip was nominated this morning at the Royal Levee, with a very high Character, as a perſon whoſe ſervice wou'd be greatly acceptable to the Court: Whereupon I preſently reflected upon ſome informations I lately received, that your Lordſhip is pleas'd to think well of a Daughter of mine: Is it ſo my Lord? Ha?

Lord W. All the World are admirers of both your Lordſhips fair Daughters.

Lord Sta. My Lord, your humble—very humble—I reſolv'd to diſcourſe the matter with your Lordſhip, and that's the affair that brings me hither—— My Lord, come to Court, I have a Lady at your ſervice. What? what?

Lord W. A very fine Pimp. (*aſide.*) Your Lordſhips moſt humble ſervant.

Lord Sta. Which of my Daughters is it, that has moſt power over your Lordſhip? Ha?

Lord W. The eldeſt, my Lord.

Lord Sta. Ha?

Lord W. The eldeſt, my Lord.

Lord Sta. Very well; ſhe's a great Gallant, and has much o' the air and ſpirit of the *Statelyes*: My youngeſt Daughter has ſomething more of a negligent air; but they are both fine Women, very fine Women. Well, my Lord pray let me ſee you at my houſe? what?

Lord W. My Lord, you do me too much honour.

Lord Sta. Why, that's well ſaid.

Lord W. 'Tis not ſafe to ſlight him. [*Aſide.*

Lord Sta. I'm come to be your Neighbour. I live hard by at my Lady *Pinch-Guts.* Ha!——

Lord W. Indeed, my Lord? I thought I ſaw her Servants at the door.

Lord Sta. Oh! There's a knack in that; a notable knack——my Lady and I underſtand one another.

Lord W. Your Lordſhip is not upon Marrying the Lady.

Lord Sta. Some ſuch matter, ha! what?

Lord W. I think ſhe's a Roman Catholick.

Lord Sta. Oh! Never the worſe, I ſhall make my Court that way to the Court. Whatever her Religion be, her own merit is great. 'Tis true, ſhe's a Citizens Widow; Sir *Thomas Pinchgut* was a Citizen, but her Father was an honourable Lord Viſcount; and ſhe has a fair Eſtate, which her own excellent parts have much improv'd.

Lord W. By ſtarving her ſelf, and all her Servants. *Aſide.*

Lord Sta. Now the truth is, I wou'd as ſoon as poſſible ſecure my Daughters by noble marriages, from the rude attempt of Ruffians. You know one young *Ranter*, my Lord.

Lord W. I do, my Lord.

Lord Sta. He boaſts himſelf to be the Cock-drinker, Cock-fighter, and Cock-wencher o' *Chriſtendom.*

Lord W. He does ſo, and is as proud of it, as if he were Emperour of *Chriſtendom.*

Lord Sta. Ay, there's a folly reigns among us; your young fellows now are proud of having no manners, no ſenſe, no learning, no religion, no good nature: And boaſt of being Fops and Sots, and Pox'd, in order to be admir'd. Now my Daughter was at a Play in a Box, and young *Ranter* talks to her, gallants to her Coach, follows her home, all whether ſhe would or no, and there ruffles my Maids, beats my Men, breaks my Windows, and runs away like the Devil conjur'd out of a houſe.

Enter a Footman running.

Foot. My Lord, my Lord, my Lord.

Lord Sta. So, my Lord, my Lord, my Lord, this fellow and I are companions. Pray Mr. Footman, how long have you been ſo great? Do you not know the orders of my Houſe, Sirrah, that no Footman muſt deliver a meſſage to my own Perſon, but hand it reverently to me by my Gentleman?

Foot. An't pleaſe your Honour, I come about buſineſs o' conſequence.

Lord Sta. Sirrah! Manners is buſineſs of conſequence. What you have to ſay, deliver to my Gentleman Uſher.

Foot. Look you, Sir ———

Lord Sta. Look you, Sir——what a ſawcy Preface there is to his meſſage, and how he chops up my Gentleman Uſher. Sirrah, I'll have you corrected.

Foot. I don't know how his Honour wou'd have me ſpeak, but while his Honour is teaching me to ſpeak, his Coach and Horſes will be loſt.

Lord Sta. What ſays the Fellow? My Coach and Horſes loſt?

Foot. Yes, an't pleaſe your Honour. One Mr. *Ranter* and his Father, Old Squire *Ranter*, and one Mr. *Dulman*, and a great heap o' Bullies and Whores, and Fiddlers, came all Drunk out of a Tavern, and ſeeing your Honours Coach, pull'd the Coachman out o' the Box; and away gets a heap o' Whores into the Coach, and a heap o' Fiddlers o' top o' the Coach, and a heap o' Bullies behind the Coach; and young Squire *Ranter* gets into the Box, and Old Squire *Ranter* gets o' top one o' the Horſes for a Poſtillion, and away they drive, kicking and whipping,

whipping, and ſinging and fiddling, and bawling and roaring, all to the Devil. And I believe your Coach will be broke, and your Horſes kill'd, or run away with.

Lord Sta. So —— very brave! ——

Lord. W. Ha' you ſent no body after them to ſtop them.

Foot. We did what we cou'd to ſtop them; but they drew their Swords, and threatned to cut us in pieces: Then we threatned them with a Juſtice o' Peace, and then they ſwore they'd kill all *Hickes*'s-Hall.

Lord Sta. Let them go, I am glad o' this; to ſteal Horſes is flat Felony. I ſhall have an opportunity to rid the World of a damnable peſt, that threatens to depopulate us; a Nation o' Savages born among our ſelves, over-run and deſtroy us. The Play-houſe is as dangerous as a Campaign; before we go thither, we ought to enter our Guts in an Inſurance Office.

A noiſe of ſinging, roaring, and fiddling without.

Lord W. I'm in a horrid fear theſe *Barbarians* are Invading us; this is their Martial Muſick.

Foot. My Lord, they'r come, I ſee them.

Lord Sta. Draw, I'll fight them.

Lord W. Do not, my Lord, *Ranter* is ſtout.

Lord Sta. Stout? Sir, I am as ſtout as he ——

Lord W. But you ha' not ſo ſtrong a party, do not bring miſchief on your ſelf.

Lord Sta. I value no miſchief like Diſhonour, ſhall I ſuffer Raſcals to trample upon me? What?

L. W. I think 'twill diſhonour your Lordſhips greatneſs to contend with Sots.

Lord Sta. You ſay right, 'twill be not very graceful to peck with Jack Daws; and I'm in your Lordſhips Houſe, I'll be govern'd.

Enter young Ranter, *old* Ranter, Dullman, *Bullies*, *Whores*, *Fiddlers*; *the Fiddlers playing, the reſt ſinging and dancing.*

O. R. My Lord *Wiſeman*——confound me—how doſt do?—confound me ——

Lord Sta. Atheiſtical and Nonſenſical.

Yo. R. *Wiſeman* kiſs mine A—— with a *lero* —— *lero* —— *lillibullero*—— *ſings.*

O. R. Is not my Son a pleaſant Dog?

Dull. You're happy in a Son—— rot me ——

Lord Sta. Rare refin'd Converſation.

Yo. R. We wanting Coaches, made bold with an honeſt Lords Coach; but i'faith, I'm afraid we ha' done it ſome damage. So being very civil perſons, we come to beg his pardon. Oh! here he is—— Gentlemen beg his pardon. My Lord, I beg your pardon with all my ſoul.

O. R. Dullm. Bullies. My Lord, we beg your pardon ——

Yo. R. My Lord, we beg to be more acquainted with you.

O. R. Dullm. Bullies. We beg to be more acquainted with you, my Lord.

Lord Sta. Theſe fellows will murder me. [*All ſtumble on him, and toſs him to and fro.*

Yo. R. We are Lewd fellows, my Lord.

O. R. As lewd as *Sillybub* the King of Devils.

Lord Sta. Sillybub? Belzebub the Fop means. He ſerves the Devil, and does not know his Maſters Name.

Yo. R. My Lord, pray take notice of this fellow, he's my Father, and a very honeſt Son of a Whore.

Lord Sta.

Lord Sta. He calls his Father Son of a Whore.

O. R. A pleaſant Dog.

Lord Sta. He calls his Son Dog.

Dull. Rare company really.

Lord Sta. Well Sir, what have you done with my Coach? and where is it?

Yo. R. In my A—— my Lord; your moſt humble Servant.

Lord Sta. An impudent fellow.

O. R. Ha! ha! Witty Rogue! He ſays a thouſand o' theſe things in a day.

Dull. He's the Glory o' the Nation.

Lord Sta. If I have not theſe fellows beaten, I'll forfeit my Coat of Arms.

Yo. R. Wiſeman, we have been boxing the Heavens all Night with Oaths, till the face o' the Sky look'd black and blue.

O. R. Ha boys, the Rogue has more Wit than half the Nation.

Dull. Than forty Nations really.

Yo. R. Will you rob, my Lord? You and I'll take a Purſe together——this fellow and I have done it often.

O. R. We have, i'faith——we rob——ha! ha!

Lord Sta. Rob! A very good Jeſt——why do I ſtay to hear the nauſeous prate of theſe beaſtly fellows?

Yo. R. Are you going, my Lord? Pray don't let's loſe your company—Ladies, my Lord is a Courtier, he'll not deny you any thing. Careſs him, careſs him.

The Wenches ramp on Lord Stately.

Lord Sta. Stand off you impudent Queans. I ſhall be ridden to Death with Night-mares; ſtunk to death.

Lord W. Away, you Sluts.

Lord Sta. Sirrah, you are an impudent ſawcy fellow, to abuſe a man o' my Quality. I'll ſend your baggages to *Bridewell*, and break your pate.

Yo. R. Break my pate?——ha! ha!

O. R. Thou break my boys pate?

L. W. Laugh at theſe fellows, my Lord, do not honour them with your anger.

L. Sta. 'Tis true, I make them too conſiderable; farewel, my Lord.

L. W. Pray let me ſee your Lordſhip in your Coach. [*Ex. Lord* Stately.

Yo. R. Sirrah get you gone, you old faſhion'd tag, and hang at your maſters breech. [*Kicks out the Uſher.*

O. R. Thou *Cæſar*, thou *Alexander*.

Dull. He's a greater man than either of them. *Enter* Lord *Wiſeman.*

Yo. R. So, have you diſpos'd o' your moral proud puppy?

L. W. Ah! thou Cully, how art thou cheated out of thy Wit, thy Manners, thy good Nature, by the brutal fools of the Age, that palm falſe ſenſe upon thee; thou art by Nature a good Vertuous fellow.

Yo. R. Vertuous? there's a character for a Girl; ſhortly he'll ſay I have the Green-ſickneſs.

O. R. Vertuous? If I thought he was Vertuous I'd cut his pate.

Yo. R. You cut my pate? Have you a mind to have the handle o' your face wrung off, old brazen Noſe? [*Pulls his Father by the Noſe.*

O. R. Do you ſee the Dog? look o' the boy! look o' the boy! ha! ha!

Dull. The beſt company that ever was born. *L. W.*

L. W. I tell thee, thou art as errant a Hypocrite in Vice as ſome are in Religion; thy lewdneſſes are all borrowed, yet art thou proud of them. Thou mayſt as well be proud of borrowed cloaths. I had rather wear a Fools Livery than his Folly, and be his Footman than his Ape. Leave theſe things, Nature deſigns thee not for them; thou haſt no call to them.

Yo. R. No call?— [*Pulls out a Cat-call and ſqueaks.*

O. R. There he has him again. Wit again— ha! ha!

Dull. Incomparably pleaſant.

L. W. Doſt thou take this for Wit? This may intice Cats to thee. But this and thy other follies, will drive all Men and Women o'Senſe and Quality from thee.

Yo. R. Has *Statelyes* Daughter your Miſtriſs, neither Senſe nor Quality.

L. W. Oh! Sir, I have heard o' your behaviour there.

Y. R. You ſhall hear more of it ſhortly, Sir. And you ſhall find I am no ſuch vertuous good-natur'd fellow, as you take me for. And don't you abuſe me with ſuch a pimping character. I ſcorn verrue and good nature, and all things that belong to 'em. I never will do one good thing, or ſay one true word while I breathe. Why do you think I make Love to your Miſtreſs? Becauſe I don't like her, and every word I ſpeak to her will be a lie.

O. R. Oh! brave Soul.

Dull. Oh! a noble Soul really. *Exit all but* L. W.

L. W. So, this young fellow is like to go right. He has a falſe underſtanding, and he's put to School by his Father to brutal Bullies, that are worſe Fools than their lewd Diſciple; and made him believe all ſorts of brutality very fine. Thus too much of our Nation is corrupted at the Fountain-head, the Youth.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, here's Madam *Airy.*

L. W. She did not meet the *Ranters* I hope?

Serv. No my Lord, ſhe came in the uſual way at the back door.

L. W. That's well—I love her ſo well ſtill to be tender of her reputation. *aſide.* Call in the hopping, chirping, ſinging Bird.

Enter Airy *Dancing and Singing.*

Airy. *When the kind wanton hour*
Gave me into his power,
He never trembled more
To go on duty,
When he to win Renown,
Scal'd a proud lofty Town,
As to lay gently down,
A yielding Beauty.

Bon jour Monſieur. You ſee all your Cruelty ſhall not take my good humour from me. What you have been Serenaded by the *Ranters?*

L. W. Did you meet 'em?

Airy. No, I need not meet 'em, they follow me faſt enough. *Ranter* makes love to me; I ſhall not want for lovers whan I ha' loſt you.

L. W. Nay, you'll do very well in his Conſort, for you tune your Fiddle much after his manner.

Airy.

Airy. Well, I have done nothing but laugh, ſince you fool'd your ſelf, by courting that vain Coquet, my Lady *Statelys* Daughter.

L. W. She ſhall be worth having when I marry her.

Ai. In money you mean.

L. *W.* In Vertue and Honour.

Ai. She muſt borrow them then, for ſhe has none of her own.

L. *W.* Then ſhe muſt keep better company than you are, for you can lend her none.

Ai. I have more honeſty than ſhe has, for I don't pretend to Vertue when I have none.

L. *W.* You miſtake her character, ſhe has Vertue, but does not pretend to't. I do confeſs ſhe's too liberal of her Reputation.

Ai. But not of her heart; You think ſhe loves you ; ſhe has a paſſion for one of more deſert.

L. *W.* Who's that ?

Ai. For the whole Town ; you han't more deſert than the whole Town. She has appointed this day to meet the whole Town i' Bed.

L. *W.* Meet the Town i' Bed : What dee mean ?

Ai. She has given notice to the whole Town, ſhe intended to be ſick to day ; that is, ſhe receives Viſits i' Bed, pretending to be indiſpos'd, but her deſign is to charm the men, and dazle the whole Town, with the Glory of her Bed Equipage.

L. *W.* Dares ſhe do this under her Fathers eye ?

Ai. Oh ! he ſcorns to come into his Daughters Chamber.

L. *W.* I wiſh you never came thither, for I believe you do me miſchief; but I forgive you, for I love you, and wiſh more good to you than you do to your ſelf. I wiſh you honeſty, which you care not for. I have committed a fault with you ; to make you amends, and keep you out o' temptation, I allow you two hundred pounds a year. Uſe me how you will, it ſhall be continued to you, provided you do no harm to your ſelf, by a vitious courſe o' life.

Ai. Oh ! Sir, do what you will with your Penſion, as long as I injoy the ſight of that ridiculous falſe Grimace o' yours, I deſire no more to make me fat ; ſo much good may do with your new Miſtriſs —— ha ! ha ! [*Ex.*

L. *W.* That ever ſuch a potent and belov'd Queen as Beauty, ſhou'd have ſuch a weak Counſeller as Woman.

Error, by help of Wit, is often brought
In dark Diſguiſe, to ſteal upon the thought.
By help of Beauty it has open ſway,
And folly Triumphs in the ſight of day.

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE Lady *Pinch-guts* Houſe.

Several walking in the Hall.

Enter Lord Wiſeman.

L. *W.* WHO belongs to this Houſe? *Enter Porter and Coachman.*

Por. Here's more company come, and we ha' no Liveries, we ſhall diſgrace my Lady.

Co. Whoſe fault is it? A miſerable covetous Woman——ſhe's gone abroad, and has lock'd up our Liveries in her Cloſet, and forgot to give the key to the Houſe-keeper. Let her be diſgrac'd an ſhe will. Who'd you ſpeak with, Sir?

L. *W.* Who are you that ask me the queſtion?

Por. We are my Lady *Pinch-guts* men, Sir.

Co. Her Men? No, her Mice. We live upon crums, and a good Cat wou'd run away with us all.

L. *W.* I thought you did not belong to my Lord *Stately.*

Co. No, we are not ſo lucky.

Por. We may in time, Sir; there's kindneſs between my Lord and my Lady.

L. *W.* I wonder at it; my Lords humour is very oppoſite to hers, he loves Grandeur.

Co. So does ſhe, Sir, but hates to pay for't. She will ha' Servants for a ſhew, and they ſhall ha' Liveries for a ſhew, when company comes: But when company's gone, we are ſtripp'd and ſtarv'd; a damn'd Papiſtical Heathen. She's a Papiſt, Sir, but no Chriſtian. She'll give money to a Croſs, but not a farthing to a Chriſtian.

Por. Yes, ſhe'll give money to her Prieſts.

Co. Why are they Chriſtians? Prithee thou art a Fool, they are cunning Knaves; they have more Wit than to trouble themſelves with Religion. They'll have Religion for you, if you'll pay for't, and ſuch as ſhall fit you to a hair. If you be a Fool, they'll give you Nonſence ſhall make you ten times more a Fool. If you be a Knave, they'll teach you tricks ſhall make you ten times more a Knave. Here's my Lady is bad enough of her ſelf, but when ſhe has been with her Prieſt, ſhe plays the Devil with a good Conſcience.

L. *W.* Nay, 'tis a common trick with all parties, to take up with ſome eaſie Church Device, inſtead of Honeſty and Vertue. But how came my Lord and Lady to be both in a Houſe, my Lord is not a lodger ſure?

Co. No, but my Lady is, or rather a Mumper; ſhe has beg'd the Back-houſe, the Gardens, to lay her ſelf and her Goods in, on pretence ſhe cannot get a Houſe to her mind; and 'tis true, ſhe never will till ſhe has one for nothing.

Por. My Lord wanting a Porter, I do duty as his Porter; I ha' no Gown indeed, but that's not my Lords fault. My Lord nobly gave his Gown to the Porter he turn'd off, my Lady beſtows her Gown upon the Hooks in her Cloſet.

L. W. Is my Lord within?

Co. If he be you can't ſpeak with him, unleſs you be a great man. Here's company come out o' the Country by his own order, yet they have worn out their Boots in his Hall, before they cou'd ſpeak with him

Por. Ay Sir, they have walk'd many a mile in his Hall. Well, I'll call the Uſher to you. *Exit.*

Enter Bellamour.

L. W. Oh! Mr. *Bellamour*, your Servant. Are you buſied in State-affairs, that you viſit this great Lord *Stately?*

Bell. My Lord, I'm buſied in Love and Matrimony, the great foundation of States and Governments.

Enter Uſher.

Uſh. My Lord *Wiſeman*, your humble Servant, and Mr. *Bellamour* your Servant; will you be pleas'd to walk up into the Dining-Room?

Enter Lady Pinch-gut.

Co. Oh! Here comes our Lady Devil.

La. P. Why you Raſcals, you Villains.

Co. So, ſhe has been at Confeſſion. [*aſide.*

La. P. How dare you uſe a Perſon of my Quality thus? Bleſs me! I ha' no comfort in my Eſtate, nor my Honour. I'm a Perſon of Honour, and can't live without Servants, and I'm a Perſon of Underſtanding, and can't live with them, they are ſuch Raſcals and Fops. Becauſe I won't let theſe fellows wear my Liveries to huff and ſtrut in for their pride and lewdneſs, to pick up Strumpets, they wont wear them for my Honour, but when my back is turn'd, diſgrace me out of malice. If theſe fellows had ſerv'd my Lord Viſcount Father ſo, he'd ha' knock'd them down.

Co. We are ſo ſtarv'd you may blow us down. *Aſide.*

Por. 'Twas not our fault, your Honour lock'd them up in your Cloſet, and carried away the Key in your Pocket.

La. P. How? How? Call my Houſekeeper. *Enter Houſekeeper.* You ſlut, you careleſs treacherous ſlut — why did you ſuffer me to carry the Key of my Cloſet abroad, and ſo theſe fellows could not come by their things; you did it o' purpoſe to diſgrace me, you ſlut. Theſe common people hate us Perſons of Honour, I ſwear they do. Fetch the fellows their things, you ſlut.

Houſe. We have a fine time on't here; neither Meat, Drink, nor good words. *Aſide. Ex.*

La. P. How? Goſſip do you mutter? I'll knock your Teeth down your Throat.

Co. Teeth may be ſpar'd i' your Houſe, here is no great buſineſs for them. [*aſide.*

Enter Houſe-keeper with Liveries, and a Servant with Candles.

La. Pa. Bleſs me, what a paſs Servants are at, put on your Cloaths. And ſee how that Maid carries the Candles waſting of 'em; When I come to be your Lady I'le teach you better Huſwifry.

Co. Oh! how careful ſhe is of Candles? they are the only Servants in the Houſe,

Houſe, ſhe endeavours to keep out of Conſumptions. I'd deſire no longer leaſe of a houſe, than during the lives of three Candles of hers. But ſhe can waſt us. I'm ſtarv'd into a skin fit for nothing but to make a budget for a Tinker —— *Aſide.* [*Enter Uſher.*

Uſh. Gentlemen all, you that wait to ſpeak with my Lord; his Honour ſends to let you know his Honour ſees no company. [*The Company go away ſhaking their Heads.*

La. P. How? does he ſee no company? pull of your Cloaths. Put out my Lord's Candles: Why ſhould his Candles be waſted to no purpoſe.

Co. So, now to the old trade again. [*Aſide.*

La. P. Now I think on't I'll go to Court, put on your things again.

Co. The Devil's in this Woman. [*Aſide.*

La. P. Put my Horſes i' my Coach — and you Sirrah come to me for my Flambeaux. [*To a Footman.*] [*Ex.*

Co. Put the Horſes i' your Coach? I can put all their fleſh i' my Pocket.

Por. What a Hell have we?

Co. A Hell? why we ha' no fire, except what comes out of her damnable chops; ſhe warms that way I confeſs. [*Ex. Co. Por.*

Enter Young Ranter, *Old* Ranter, *and* Dulman. *All half Drunk.*

Yo. R. Bitches, Bawds, Sons of Fifty Fathers, who dares live here? who dares be above ground while I am? I will will all make the raſcals in this Nation dye, for fear I kick 'em to death.

O. R. Here's a mettled Rogue.

Dul. All Soul —— confound me.

Yo. R. You Sons of Whores.

Enter Airy *in a Chair.* Yo. R. *draws at the Chairmen, and they run away.*

Ai. How? now? what is the matter.

Yo. R. Who? Madam *Airy?*

Ai. Why do you draw upon my Chairmen Mr. *Ranter?*

Yo. R. I owe the Sons of Whores ten Pound; ſo I wou'd ha' run 'em through; that's my way o' diſcharging debts.

O. R. Your Servant Madam *Airy*, how dee like my boy?

Ai. Like him? I wou'd feign admire him, and he wont let me.

Yo. R. Not let thee, Child?

Ai. No, nature has made you a Fiddle to entertain Ladies, and you make your ſelf a Tabor and Pipe for the Bears.

Yo. R. What wou'dſt ha' me be a Dormouſe.

Ai. Be your ſelf, a fine Gentleman.

Yo. R. My dear.

O. R. Dee hear? all the world admires my boy.

Dull. He's a curious fellow really.

Yo. R. Now wou'd I feign ſay a fine thing to thee, and I have good things i' my Head, but they lye ſo odly I can't come at 'em — a pox on 'em.

Ai. You ſpoil the Spring o' your brain; 'tis always i' the wet.

Yo. R. Hang prating; I love thee, and will love with any man in *England.*

Ai. So you ſaid before; and yet run after my Lord *Statelys* Daughter. Did not you go home with her t'other night.

Yo. R. No, my Legs and Arms and ſome part o' me wept with her, but my Soul was with thee. 'Tis true ſhe's a magnificent whimſey, and I'd give a thouſand pound, only for the glory of her, and to triumph over *Wiſeman*.

Ai. How dee mean? To have the Glory of her Love and Admiration? The Glory of having her dote on you to death? If you mean no more, Ile aſſiſt you in it; I am willing all the World ſhou'd love and honour the man I love, 'tis an honour to me.

O. R. Dee hear? ſhe honours my boy. All the World dotes on my boy.

Dul. They've reaſon——confound me.

Yo. R. By thy bright ſelf I mean no more.

Ai. Then behave your ſelf as you ought, Ile conduct you to her; I am going now to viſit her, ſhe's above Stairs.

Yo. R. Oh! lead me to her, He behave my ſelf like any Ginger-bread. But firſt I muſt marſhal my dreſs at a Glaſs.

Ai. I'le lead you to a glaſs, and then to the Lady, and you ſhall ſee ſuch a night piece; ſhe's now in a tempting night dreſs i' Bed.

O. R. I' Bed? go up, go up *Jack*.

Yo. R. Go up? I'll boyl up I've ſuch a fire in me, that all the Claret i' my Stomach is burnt, and all the Sack is Mull'd.

Dull. Rare really.

Ai. So this is excellent, may be I may get this Fool, however I have the pleaſure of plaguing *Wiſeman*: Now he'l find *Ranter* with his Miſtreſs. [*Ex. om.*

SCENE a Room. Enter Lord Stately *and* Uſher.

L. *Sta.* Bring 'em in—bring 'em in— [*Enter Lord* Wiſeman *and* Bellamour] come my Lord *Wiſeman*, your humble—— very humble—— Mr. *Bellamour* how doſt thou do Mr. *Bellamour*? haſt thou a kindneſs for one of my Daughters? Ha?

Bell. Yes my Lord.

L. Sta. What?

Bell. Yes my Lord. Pox on him he's deaf to every thing but a Lord. [*Aſide.*

L. Sta. Well Mr. *Bellamour*, I ſhall condeſcend to't, though you be but a Commoner——you have a good Eſtate, and are of a very good family for a Commoner—— What? But I muſt tell you I conſent with ſome reluctancy to Match with a Commoner—— Antiently the diſtance was vaſt between Nobles and Commons. No Commoner cover'd before a Nobleman; and none but Noblemen went into the Privy Chamber, and Privy Galleries, and was not that a great thing? what?

L. W. This Fool makes the whole buſineſs o' greatneſs to be Foppery and impertinence. [*Aſide.*

L. *Sta.* I make diſtinctions of perſons, and when ever I uncover to any Man I weigh my Hat.

Bell. Weigh your Hat, my Lord?

L. *Sta.* Ay, with Gold weights. To a Nobleman I give an entire behaviour [*puts his Hat low*] to all Gentlemen I give only a kind of a demicaſter [*poiſes his Hat over his ſhoulder.*] To a common fellow I give a bend of my brim, and

a

a cock: The bend to ſhew my courteſie, the cock to ſhew my Quality and ſuperiority.

L. *W.* The cock to ſhew you are a coxcomb. [*Aſide.*

L. *Sta.* Mr. *Bellamour* be not diſcouraged at my diſcourſe, you have a Nobleman's Eſtate? And I deſign you the title of a Nobleman. I have a great intereſt with the Fryers, but eſpecially with Father *Finicall*, a very pretty Father; and a handſome young Father; he has great ſway at Court, o' the Women's ſide.

L. *W.* I know him, he's a lap Prieſt indeed; the lov'd, ſlick, waſh'd, clean, comb'd, curl'd ſhock o' the Ladies; fed at their Trenchers, and being of a tender conſtitution, 'tis thought he lyes between their Sheets.

L. *Sta.* Away, my Lord, have you a mind to undo me? what?

L. *W.* Oh! My Lord, can you fall lower, than under ſuch fellows?

L. *Sta.* Sir, they are great favourites, elſe I wou'd deſpiſe 'em. I deſpiſe Popery as much as you can do; Popery, Foppery, Foppery. You ſhall ſee I am a Proteſtant, ring the Bell to Prayers there. [*Enter Uſher.*

Uſh. An't pleaſe your Honour you cannot go to Prayers, the Groom o' your Chamber is abroad.

L. *Sta.* Why, what a ſawcy knave is he?

Bell. Pray, my Lord, what office has your Groom in Prayers?

L. *Sta.* Oh! Sir, he keeps my Carpets and Cuſhions, without which I cannot pray with ceremony, decency and grandeur; and I'm very much for ceremony.

L. *W.* I thought humility had been moſt decent in Prayers. [*Aſide.*

L. *Sta.* Come, I will now do what I never did in my Life; I never was i' my Daughters Chambers. A great man makes a fooliſh figure in a Girls Chamber. But now I will lead you thither, that you may ſee their conduct: Ile ſhew you ſuch Women —— but firſt you ſhall ſee my Horſes —— bring us Galloſhooes — Not you. *To his Uſh.* This is a Gentleman of a Family —— Come your ways. *Exit.*

Bell. Pox of his Horſes: Lead a Lover to ſee Horſes?

L. *W.* They're better company than he is.

Scene Laura's *Chamber.* Laura *on the Bed, in a fine Night-dreſs.*
Julia. *Waiting-woman.*

Laur. Sifter, how do I look?

Ju. Not well, Sifter.

Laur. Not well!

Ju. No, becauſe you dont look half ſo wiſe as you are. In my opinion you take great pains to prejudice your beauty; and as you order it, twill lie on your hands, and never get you a Husband.

Laur. A Husband! Now thou makſt me laugh. Doſt think, when for my diverſion I entertain whole conſorts of Lovers, I ever think of ſuch a jarring, untunable Country Fiddler, as a Husband. I ſwear, Sifter, after naming the Clowniſh phraſe, thou doſt not look half ſo genteel as thou didſt.

Ju. Pray Sifter, what do you aim at by your gallantry and intreaguing?

Laur. Doing juſtice to my ſelf, and puniſhing fools. By my gallantry I do juſtice

juſtice to my own quality, and puniſh the uſurpations of inferiour Women, who will needs put themſelves into my rank of bravery, and ſhoulder my Lord *Statelys* Daughter——This is a fire which burns this proud Town, and will in time conſume it. I to put a ſtop to it, ſet 'em ſuch an extravagant example as blows up whole families. All this bed equipage is but a train laid for the ruine of ſeveral little Court, Town and City Ladies, that mean to viſit not me, but my bed, and the whole buſineſs of viſits is vying Gallantry. Since they will be vying, I vye with em.

Ju. But Siſter, you do not only endeavour to puniſh women, but to charm men.

Laur. May be ſo, Siſter; where is the woman that would not be thought the top beauty of the world? Women who have no beauty endeavour to compound it by art; and nothing ſo much ſtudied by Ladies as a receipt to make beauty, or the wretched conſerve of beauty.

Ju. But Siſter, you intreague, and receive addreſſes.

Laur. 'Tis true; if men o' Quality do me the honour to admire me, I am ſo well bred as not to ſcorn 'em. If little ſparks approach me, I encourage 'em to undo em, and puniſh their arrogance. No man ſhall come near me twice in one ſuit of Cloaths: And he muſt ha' the manners to loſe a hundred Guineas to me a Night at Cards. And all he gets from me is to be laugh'd at, it may be he gets a quarrel, in which perhaps he's kill'd, and then there's an end of an Aſs.

Enter waiting woman.

Wai. Madam here's Madam *Airy*, and young Squire *Ranter*, and others.

Ju. Oh! bleſs me! ſure Siſter you won't ſuffer Men to viſit you in your Bed-Chamber, and the moſt rude and debauch'd of men, *Ranter*.

Laur. He's a handſome brave young fellow, and deſerves very well a place among my Jeſters, Fools and Madmen——

Ju. But not i' your Bed-Chamber— Deſire the men to be gone, tell 'em my Siſter receives no viſits from Men; beſides ſhe's ill, and keeps her bed.

Enter Airy, *Young* Ranter, *Old* Ranter, Dulman.

Ai. Come in, come in, Ile conduct you. Dear Siſter *Laura* how doſt do, dear Child?

Laur. Why really I am, I am — I dont know how I am——

Ai. I believe ſo — *aſide.*—Siſter *Julia*, how doſt do Child?

Jul. I dont deſire to be libell'd with the name of your Siſter, I dont like your conduct— *aſide*—— Madam, why did you bring Men into our Chamber?

Ai. To ſeaſon our Converſation; Women are meer freſh Fiſh, freſh Fiſh.

Yo. R. Madam *Laura*, I am your moſt humble ſlave, dog, puppy, bear, bagpipe, what the Devil you will; and if I had not ſeen you, I had been your Ghoſt Fairy *Goblin*.

Ai. He tells you true, Siſter, he adores you, he has been this hour at your Glaſs calling all his Clothes to confeſſion, to ſee if there was any ſin about 'em, that might offend you.

Laur. That Fop is juſt at *Bedlam*-gate, Ile thruſt him in, if all my Charms can do it. Ile ſhoot a glance at him, ſhall rob him of his reſt for ever—*aſide.* Mr. *Ranter*, you very much honour me, and nothing troubles me more in my indiſpoſition,

indiſpoſition, than that it abates the pleaſure I ſhould otherwiſe receive in your converſation.

Dull. Doſt hear *Jack*? ſhe's thine faith. *aſide.*

O. R. Madam, thank you for my Boy; for your reſpect to my Boy.

Laur. You are happy in a Son, Sir.

Dull. Ay Madam, really.

Yo. R. Madam, you charm me, burn me; your Beauties make the room a Fiery Furnace; if I ſcape my name ſhall be *Abednego.* Dont be jealous, I do but banter. *Aſide to* Airy.

Laur. You are obliging, Sir.

Ai. Do but ſee her Bed and Dreſs.

Yo. R. She's Paradice with Cuts; ſhe's *Venus* incamp'd; oh that I might ſtorm thoſe Trenches.

O. R. Is not my Puppy good company, Madam?

Laur. Oh! a very fine Gentleman.

Dull. A pretty fellow, really Madam. *Enter Waiting-woman.*

Wait. Oh! Madam your Father is coming.

Lau. My Father! Impoſſible, he never comes hither.

Wait. I heard him ſay he would.

Laur. Undone! undone! give me a Hood to cover my dreſs, and convey theſe Gentlemen away.

Wait. 'Tis too late, Madam, my Lord is at the door.

Enter Lord Stately, Lord Wiſeman, *and Mr.* Bellamour.

L. Sta. Come, Ile ſhew you ſuch Women——How now?

O. R. My Lord, I have brought my boy here, to ſee your daughter.

Yo. R. My Lord, your moſt humble ſervant——

Ju. My Lord, I humbly beg your Lordſhip to believe me; they came hither unknown to my Siſter or me.

Lord Sta. You need not ha, ſaid that. I know them, and I know you, and I know my ſelf; I know how to govern my family. Sir, what wrong have I done you, that you put theſe abuſes on me, Sir?

Yo. R. Your daughter flung Fire-balls at me.

Lord Sta. Fire-balls?

Yo. R. Her eyes; they ha' burnt my heart, as black as a ſhooe, I come to ſhew what a pickle tis in. What, do you think I am not fleſh and blood?

O. R. Do you hear the Rogue? my Lord, prithee Marry thy daughter to my Puppy, prithee do.

Lord Sta. Do you hear this familiar beaſt? prithee do—here's the manners o' the Commons of *England.* I know a very fit Family for him to match in, they have a noble ſeat hard by *Fleet-ditch.* There are Ladies fit for him. Get you to them Sir, and viſit my daughters no more Sir, if you do Sir you ſhall find ſcurvy entertainment.

Yo. R. Dee ſee Madam, the power of your charms, of a Lyon they have made me a Humble-bee; your Father may blow me away with his Hat. I'm gone; now Sir, am I intimate with your miſtreſs or no?

Lord W. You ſhall be intimate with my Sword Sir, if I meet you in place convenient, Ile pink your skin for you. *Yo. R.*

Yo. R. Oh! with all my heart, Sir; I ſcorn a plain skin, as much as I do plain Linnen: I'm for cut work.

Lord Sta. Get you out o' my doors, and come here no more, if you do—— Ile entertain you with a Blunderbuſs.

Yo. R. Oh! my Lord, we muſt come taſt your Blunderbuſs.

O. R. Ay, we'l broach your Blunderbuſs.

Dull. We will really.

O. R. Yo. R. Dul. Your Blunderbuſſes humble Servant. [*Ex. O. R. Yo. R. and* Dul.

Lord. Sta. Oh! theſe are likely fellows to conquer *France*. In a Tavern they may vanquiſh the *French*; but they'l ſhed no blood but the blood of the Grape. And inſtead of conquering *France*, always do homage to it; by tumbling under *French* Wine and *French* Poxes. Daughter, why are you a bed? what?

Laur. I was taken ill on the ſudden, my Lord.

Lord Sta. Let me feel your pulſe, I ha' judgment.

Laur. Oh! I tremble! he'l diſcover me. *aſide.*

Lord Sta. She's very hot——ſhe burns.

Lord W. She may be hot; a young beauty baking in bed, whilſt bundles of ſeaſon'd Ruffians were blazing about her [*aſide.*] I'm ſorry to ſee you thus, Madam.

Laur. He ſuſpects me. *Aſide.*

Ai. Now what think you of your fine new Miſtreſs? did ever I ſerve you thus?—— *Aſide to Lord* Wiſeman.

Bell. You have had rude viſitants here to day, Madam. [*To* Julia.

Ju. Ay, Sir; Mr. *Ranter* is none o' the beſt company in the World.

Lord Sta. She's very hot, Ile take ſome blood from her, run for a Surgeon.

Laur. Oh! my Lord, I can't endure bleeding. I ſhall be well preſently.

Lord Sta. Hold your tongue, you know not how bad you are, you durſt not keep your bed, if you were not Sick. Run for my Doctor, I keep my Children at diſtance, but I'm tender of em.

Laur. Oh! I ſhall be undone, they'l diſcover me [*Aſide.*

Lord Sta. Dee ſee how impatient ſhe is? ſhes very bad; very bad.

Enter Father Finicall.

Fin. Where's the Sick Lady.

Lord Sta. Oh! Father *Finicall* — how doſt do good Father *Finicall*? Gentlemen, pray ſalute Father *Finicall*——he's a very pretty Father.

Lord W. A Father! this is one of the Gallants of the Church.

Lord Sta. Who told thee I liv'd here Father? for I came lately hither, what?

Fin. I did not know your Lordſhip honour'd this place with your reſidence. I was paſſing by the door, and heard there was a Lady ſick in bed; I did not know who the Lady was, however I thought it my duty, humbly to offer her the aſſiſtance and conſolations of the Church.

Lord W. Heres confidence, to come into Houſes without leave, and diſturb ſick Ladies. What woud theſe men do if the Laws were gone? Yet your Lordſhip woud take away the Laws.

Lord Sta. Away, away——what? what? away.

Fin. Pray permit the Gentleman; my very good Lord, Sir your humble Servant; we have leave, that is to ſay a warrant for what we do. *Lord W.*

Lord W. Have you a warrant, Sir, to commit Treaſon? what you do is Treaſon; you may as well have a warrant to commit Adultery.

Bell. Had you a warrant to go into *Tartary*, you woud not ſo readily obey it. But let the foul witches there that have a Hell upon Earth, have the Devil when they'r dead for you.

Lord. W. Oh! they love to turn Souls that have fine bodies tack'd to 'em.

Lord Sta. What? are you mad? what?

Fin. Oh! my very good Lord, give the Gentlemen their liberty; we are all for liberty.

Lord W. Oh! dear Sir, how you are alter'd for the better of late? Time was when a poor Heretick cou'd not be damn'd for nothing; but you wou'd take all he had and make Hell pay Chimney Money.

Lord Sta. Away, I'll hear no more o' this; is't poſſible?

Fin. No matter, my noble Lord, there's no harm done, except to the ſweet young Lady i'Bed, we diſturb her. I woud moſt humbly beg your very good Lordſhip to command the room to be private, and leave me to perform what I can in the ſervice of this delicate Lady.

Laur. Oh! bleſſing of this Fryer, he'll free me from my Father. *aſide.*

Lord Sta. Oh! Prithee Father dont take my Daughter from me; tis Daughter and a Proteſtant, ha? what?

Fin. She has the more need, my Lord, of my moſt humble ſervice; beſides, I cannot anſwer the neglect of it to my Superiours or the Court.

Lord W. What ſervice can you do the Lady, Sir? She's ſick, and you only bring her ſome Beads and Pictures, and Toys: Be pleas'd to bring them when ſhe's well, and we'll have a Box and Dice, and Raffle for them.

Fin. Ha! ha! Your ſervant Gentlemen; you are very ingenious Gentlemen, and very good company, for I ſuppoſe you only rally, my Lord *Stately* is a Perſon of more Prudence and Conduct, than to entertain any Perſons that do really turn the Religion o' the Court into ridicule—and ſo you are very pleaſant! ha? ha?

Lord Sta. Do you hear? You dont know what miſchief you do me; between you and I, I expect a blue Riband. [*aſide, to* L. W. *and* Bell.

Bell. A blue Riband? ha! ha!

L. W. Honeſty is worth all the blue Ribands in *Chriſtendom.*

Lord Sta. My Lord, I muſt be plain with you, I take this ill. And Mr. *Bellamour*, tis preſumptuous in a Commoner to ridicule a Nobleman. Pray do me the favour to give me the liberty o' my Houſe——what?

Bell. I'm ſorry your Lordſhip ſo reſents it.

Lord W. We'll eaſe your Lordſhip of us—— Prepoſterous fool, he's proud to men o' Quality, humble to Raſcals; valiantly ſlaviſh, timerouſly honeſt. [*aſide.* Madam, I am ſorry to leave you thus, I hope when I ſee you next, to find you better diſpos'd. [*Ex.* L. W. Bell.

Lau. Thoſe words have a double ſenſe; he underſtands me, I doubt. [*aſide.*

Lord Sta. Well Father *Finical*, you are a great Favourite; I'm better bred than to refuſe a Favourite any thing: I'll truſt my Daughter with you. But hark you about my blew Riband——

Fin. My Lord, the Covent of St. *James*'s have a very great honour for your Lordſhip, and reſolve to make you a preſent of two thouſand Guineas.

Lord Sta. Away, away —— dee think Ile take Money from poor Fryers? I ſcorn it —— the blew Riband —— Man ————

Fin. My Lord, it will be wrap'd in the blue Riband, thus. A perſon of Honour offers to depoſite in our hands, five thouſand Guineas for the blew Riband, and we are reſolv'd to make a preſent of it to your Lordſhip for three thouſand, which will be two thouſand out of our poor pockets.

Lord Sta. Oh! is it ſo? a pox o' you and your pockets. I ſee how the world goes —— *aſide* —— well Ile ſend you the Money — a pack of Knaves —— *aſide. Ex.*

Laur. I'm ſcap'd! ha! ha!

Ai. Oh! Siſter; I'm glad to ſee you ſo merry.

Fin. So am I Madam, I thought you had been ſick.

Laur. Oh! dear, I forget the Frier: Oh! yes, I'm very ſick, but I felt a little eaſe all o' the ſudden, and a ſtrange pleaſant thought came into my head — But now I pay for't: Oh! dear how ill am I? Oh! las! I have ſuch pains and faintings. Sir I muſt beg you to refer this obligation you are deſigning me to another time, and to eaſe your ſelf at preſent —— oh! ————

Fin. Alas Madam the more danger you are in, the more need you have to make uſe of your precious opportunity. Ladies will you be pleaſed to leave us together?

Ju. Leave you with a Lady in bed? do you think we'l be talk'd on for a Frier?

Ai. Is this a time to choak a Lady with your Creeds, when ſhe can hardly ſwallow ſtewed Prunes?

Laur. Now this fellow will be a plague to me ———— *aſide.*

Enter Lady Credulous *and* Fanſy.

La. C. Oh! where's Father *Finicall*? Oh! good Father *Finicall* I'm glad to meet with you. Oh! Madam! how dee do? how dee do? —— Sir *Thomas Credulous* is a dying — my poor dear Sir *Thomas* —— I ſhall loſe my Sir *Thomas*, I have been all up and down to find Father *Finicall*, and cou'd not hear of him, at laſt one told me he was here; and it joys my Heart to find him. Can you ſpare the Father any time, Madam?

Ju. Ay, Madam, we deſire to be rid of him.

La. C. Oh! fye Madam, you don't talk well; you talk very badly, very badly —— come dear Father, quickly, quickly — poor Sir *Thomas* is going —— I have been getting what little matters I can.

Fin. And do they do him no good, Madam?

La. C. Not for him, for you Father. Sir *Thomas* is gone, is gone; I have been making ſome proviſion for you, Father, to entertain you when you come; that you may want for nothing.

Fin. Oh! ſweet Madam.

La. C. Nay I don't know what I have got neither. I have been ſo diſtracted for Sir *Thomas*, that I don't know what I ſay, nor what I do. I was forc'd to leave the care of all to my Woman. What have you got for the Father?

Fan. Some half a dozen pretty diſhes, Madam.

La. C.

La. C. Oh! you muſt get half a dozen more, for he has a weak ſtomach, and can't make a Meal, unleſs he has a dozen pretty diſhes to pidle, pidle, pidle upon.

Fin. Oh! it needs not, good Madam.

La. C. Come you ſhall have em; come dear Father come. I have brought my warm bed Coach, that you may ride ſoft and warm, and a Night-Gown to wrap you in, which I preſent you withal.

Fin. Oh! by no means, Madam.

La. C. Nay, nay; if you don't accept it, it will trouble me mightily, you need not be aſham'd on't, 'tis a good rich Brecard. Come help it on the Father, help it on.

Fin. Good Madam I wou'd not take this from you, but that you are in trouble; I'm loath to grieve you.

Ju. He wou'd not rob her, but that ſhe's in grief——— [*aſide.*

La. C. Oh dear, I wou'd not for the World any hurt ſhou'd come to your body. And I haye alſo brought ſome little matters for you to Eat and Drink as you go, to keep the cold out of your good ſtomach.

Fin. Oh! Good Lady.

La. C. Some lights, ſome lights, becauſe the Stairs are bad——not for me—not for me—no matter for me——for the Father, for the Father, have a care of him pray now. Your ſervant Lady *Laura*, ſervant Ladies—— come, come, Oh! dear!———

Fin. Your ſervant Madam; I am now call'd away, but Ile wait on your ſweet Ladyſhip another time. *Ex. La.* Cr. Fin. Fancy.

Laur. Oh I muſt riſe, or I ſhall be ſtrangled with laughing: Ha, ha.

Ai. Rare girl, I love thee i' my Soul. Ha, ha.

Ju. Pray Siſter, no more o' theſe dangerous adventures.

Laur. The Prieſts and Popes brag of being the Pillars of the Church, I ſay we Women are the Pillars of the Church.

Ai. Then the Church wont ſtand, Siſter, for we are falling Pillars. Ha, ha.

Laur. No Siſter, we are ſtrong in folly and iniquity,
O're which no Wit, or Grace will e're prevail;
Therefore the Church is certain ne're to fail. *Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lady Pinch-gut. *Coachman, Page, Footmen with bits of Flambeaux.*

La P. COme Page, hold up my train.

Co. Page! one wou'd rather take him for a pick-tooth, but that ſhe has no occaſion for any ſuch thing—— *aſide.*

Foot. Madam theſe Flambeaux won't light your Honour half the way to *White-Hall.*

La. P. I don't intend they ſhall—what? you are a new fellow, and have liv'd with ſome proud Foppiſh Lady, that thinks 'tis a fine thing to fling away her Money, I'm no ſuch Fop, I am a Woman o' ſenſe, you Coxcomb. Light me my Flambeaux juſt as ſoon as I come to *White-Hall-Gate*, and not before. And when I return, let 'em burn no longer than till I get out o' ſight o' the Court. *Enter Lord* Stately.

L. *Sta.* Madam, your Ladiſhips moſt humble Servant. Is your Ladiſhip going abroad, Madam?

L. *P.* Yes, I'm going to Court.

L. *Sta.* That's very well done, Madam, and ſhews your Ladiſhip a well affected and well bred perſon. 'Tis a Clowniſh thing not to go Court. I am wonderful punctilious, and ceremonious in my reſpect to the Court. If I go out o' Town but for a day, I go Court, humbly take my leave, and moſt ſolemnly Kiſs the hands of his Majeſty, her Majeſty, and of their Royal Highneſſes, nay alſo of the Royal Nurſes; I profeſs I do. And when I return to Town, though but the next day, I repair preſently to Court, and in moſt ſolemn manner Kiſs all the Princely hands; well Madam, I perceive there's a very harmonious agreement and ſympathy between your Ladiſhips noble temper and mine. And no wonder, Madam, there was a friendſhip between us, commenc'd in our Parents. I have heard my Lady Counteſs my Mother, ſpeak very Honourably of my Lady Viſcounteſs, your Ladiſhips Honourable Mother.

La. P. Oh! my Lady Viſcounteſs my Mother, lov'd my Lady Counteſs your Mother very much.

Co. Pox how they fill our Ears with windy ſtuff; wou'd they'd fill our guts with ſome victuals.—— *aſide.*

L. *Sta.* Well, has your Ladiſhip taken into your thoughts the propoſitions of Marriage, I humbly tender'd your excellent Ladiſhip?

La. P.

La. P. Yes, but I han't told my Prieſt of 'em, and I can do nothing without my Prieſt. If he conſents, I ſhall conſent, for I like you indifferent well.

L. *Sta.* Madam you inflame me.

L. *P.* But if I Marry you, you muſt not keep ſuch a rabble o' fellows i' your Houſe, nor have ſuch a deal o' ſlibbery ſlobbery, eating and drinking.

Co. So, ſhe'l bring Starving into this Family too. [*aſide.*

L. *Sta.* Madam, I will have no more than what is neceſſary to our Grandeur.

L. *P.* I am for Grandeur, but I will have no more Grandeur than is convenient. You have ne're a Porter, and ſo Ile keep my Porter, I muſt have a Coachman, but I don't like this fellow.

Co. Don't you ſo, Madam? I as little like your Honour, I ha' been ſtarv'd in your ſervice.

La. P. Here's a ſawcy Fellow.

Co. Madam you know 'tis true; you allow us neither Meat, Drink, Fire nor Candle, I ha' ſeen a Man Eat more Fire in a Morning, than you allow us in a Week.

La. P. Do you hear this Fellow, my Lord.

L. *Sta.* I do with the Ears of a States-man, reflecting on the ſawcineſs of the Commons of *England*,—go on Sirrah, come.——

Co. An't pleaſe your Honour I ſpeak truth, we have nothing to eat or burn but bones; and my Lady grudges us them too; by her good will ſhe'd burn 'em in her own Bed-Chamber.

L. *Sta.* How Sirrah? a Lady o' Quality burn bones in her Bed-Chamber?

Co. She has a ſtomach to do't; ſhe may as well do that, as lock up Oates in her Cloſet.

L. *Sta.* Why, Sirrah, dare you ſay ſhe locks up Oates in her Cloſet?

Co. Yes, that I dare; and Ile prove it too; Ile prove all that I have ſaid and more too, by all the Servants in the Houſe. Here's the Porter; heark you Porter, pray bare witneſs before my Lord, how my Lady has uſed us, my Lord is a Perſon in authority and can make her do us juſtice. [*Enter the Porter.*

Por. My Lady I hear will keep me, I won't anger her. [*aſide.*] An't pleaſe your Honour my Lady is a very good Lady, the Coachman is a joking fellow, no body minds the Coachman——

Co. Oh! you lying Rogue.

L. *Sta.* Oh! you are a bold raſcal, I ſuſpected you were a raſcal. If you had been ſtarv'd, you wou'd not have caprioll'd with your witty conceits. Ile ſend this fellow to the houſe o' Correction.

Co. For ſpeaking truth? pray my Lord, give the Porter his Oath.

L. *P.* I ſhall be ſham'd.—— [*aſide.*] To ſhew you are a raſcal, and I am a Lady too good for you; mend your manners Ile keep you Sirrah.

Co. I won't be kept, if you won't give me ſome Victuals.

L. *Sta.* Sirrah, you are fed to well. Madam, you have pamper'd this fellow. Get you gone, Sirrah.

Co. Sirrah, Ile thwack you—— *to the Porter.* [*Exit Co.*

Por. An't pleaſe your Honour, here's my Lord *Wiſeman*, and Mr. *Bellamour*.

L. *Sta.*

L. *Sta.* Bring 'em in, my Lord your humble—very humble. Come Mr. *Bellamour*, my Lord here's a Noble Lady will ſhortly be of a piece with us. 'Tis the Honourable Lady *Pinchgut*, Widow of Sir *Thomas Pinchgut* Citizen, but Daughter of a very Honourable Lord Viſcount, a friend o' mine. Madam will you let theſe Gentlemen have the honour to ſalute your fair hand? This is a noble Lord. {*Enter Lord* Wiſeman *and* Bell.

L. *P.* Your ſervant my Lord. [*Lord* Wiſeman *ſalutes her.*

L. *Sta.* This is one Mr. *Bellamour*, a private Gentleman; but a man of a very good family.

L. *P.* Pſhaw! muſt I be ſlap'd over the lips by every fellow? [*Aſide.*] Come Sir, [*turns her Cheek.*] well my Lord your ſervant; I muſt to Court. [*Exit.*

L. *Sta.* Your Ladiſhips moſt humble ſervant; and great adorer—— ſome Chairs—— I have had lately with me, a *French* Gentleman that was employed under the Principal Secretary o' State in the Court o' *France*; and he has given me admirable intelligence concerning the excellent conduct of that great Miniſter Sir; he did moſt punctually conſider the juſt claims and merit of all perſons approach'd him.

Bell. That was admirable indeed, my Lord.

L. *W.* Did that great Secretary prefer all perſons of merit that approach'd him to places in Court?

L. *Sta.* To places in Court, Sir? no Sir; I do not ſay ſo, perſons of great Quality had in his preſence Chairs with Arms; others had Chairs without Arms. Was not that admirably diſtinguiſh'd? I am reſolv'd to follow his excellent Conduct. *Mr. Bellamour*, you are but a Commoner, and no Miniſter o' State; you muſt content your ſelf with a Chair without Arms. Bring Chairs with arms, and a Chair with no arms. Here ——What?

L. *W.* I thought no Knave ſhou'd have had a preferment.

L. *Sta.* Come, ſit—— for I muſt; I have had a great collation this After-noon, and I am full—— pooh!

L. *W.* Full o' the *Engliſh* Beaſt, but empty o' the *Engliſh-man.* Our Luxuries deſtroy us, and our Cattel eat up our people. [*Aſide.*] My Lord, we do not come to be eaſie, we hope not for it. We come to let your Lordſhip know, we cannot have any more correſpondence with you, unleſs you will break off your Friendſhip with the Friers and Prieſts; not that we have the leaſt indifference for your fair Daughters, on the contrary we highly honour them, and will never do any thing ſhall make us unworthy of their favours.

L. *Sta.* At that rate, I am unworthy to be their Father; am I? I know what I do, and have render'd you in theſe matches greater advantages, than perhaps you have juſt Title to. Mr. *Bellamour*, you are but a Commoner; and my Lord *Wiſeman*, though you may ſhine with many golden Qualities, your Title is but a Lacker, an *Iriſh* Title, which theſe Friers you ſo contemn, cou'd and wou'd have double hatch'd with an *Engliſh* Title.

L. *W.* Do they prefer *Engliſh* Titles to *Iriſh* ones? An *Iriſh-man* is a great Title now at Court; then what is an *Iriſh* Lord?

L. *Sta.*

L. Sta. So bold, Sir, I ha' committed Persons for less than this?

Bell. 'Tis true, my Lord, you ha' committed Persons for saying nothing.

L. Sta. For nothing?

Bell. Ay, for nothing, my Lord, the County where your Lordship is Lord-Lieutenant, and *Custos Rotulorum*, when you mov'd them to take away the Laws, had the confidence, to your face, to say nothing. Your Lordship committed several for it.

L. W. And therein your Lordship us'd more boldness to your self, than we presume to practise to you, for in endeavouring to remove the Laws, you acted not only against your interest, but inclinations and judgment; your Lordship is for keeping up the Laws.

L. Sta. I am so, Sir, and I wou'd hang *Jack* Presbyter if I cou'd. I hate *Jack* Presbyter as much as I do the Pope, but since it is the will of Superiours to have it otherwise, I have the manners to submit, which I perceive you have not. And I desire no more conversation with you; pray both of you quit my House.

L. W. My Lord, you affront me; pray both of you quit my house.

Bell. My Lord, we'll obey you; we are for the true Doctrine of Non-resistance; that is, not destroying Law and Legal Right by violence. Your Lordship by Right commands here, and we'll obey.

L. W. Yes, my Lord, we'll do you more right than you receive.

From erring Preachers, or from Courtly Knaves,
For these betray, those Cant you into Slaves. [*Ex.*

SCENE *Laura*'s Chamber.

Enter Laura, Julia, Airy, *Waiting-women.*

Lau. So —— so —— break off ——

Ju. Nay, pray Sister mind me ——

Lau. Ay, dear Sister —— break off this last lamenting kiss ——

Ju. So she will go on with her love Verses.

Lau. Which sucks two Souls, and vapours both away.
Turn thou Ghost that way, and let me turn this;
And let our selves benight our happiest day.
We'll ask none leave to love, nor will we owe
Any so cheap a Death as saying go.
Oh! I dearly love a passion well express'd. Go, and if that ——

Ju.

Ju. Nay, pray Sister no more o' your Verses.

Lau. Go — what wouldst thou have with me, my dear Sister? For I swear I don't mind thee.

Ju. I see you don't Sister, you mind nothing but your Love Verses, and love matters.

Laur. What shou'd we mind else, dear Sister, whilst we have any share of youth and beauty? I do love Love. I wou'd have all the Love i' the World; and I have good store, when I go to Court all eyes are upon me, all tongues are whispring that's my Lord *Statelys* fine Daughter; all press towards me and bow, only to get half a glance from me. When I go to the Plays, the Minute I appear, the whole Pit turns round as mov'd by an Engine; to please themselves with the sight of me, the most entertaining Scene in the House. Some stand gazing on me, with their Arms a cors, their heads languishing as oppress with Beauty. The brisker fellows fall a whetting their Arrows presently, that is, Comb their Wigs, and prepare their eyes to tilt with mine. When I go to *Hide* Park, my motions seem to turn the World, for as I turn, all the Coaches i' the Circle turn to meet mine. The Ladies to see my dresses, the men to see me. There do I ride i' my shining Chariot, like the Moon on a bright Cloud, while all the little beautys move round beneath me, like Fairys. Come Sister *Airy*, we'l to the Play in Vizards; and Ile so be Point and be Jewel my self, that we'l draw all the sparks in the house to us, undo the ordinary Vizards; make em sow their half Crowns in vain, and nothing shall spring up but the Bryers and the Burrs of the Pit to tear them.

Ai. Ay, Sister, as young Maids go a *Maying*, we'l go a Squiring, a Knighting, a Lording, a Duking; and bring away our arms full of little Squirelings, and Knightlings, and Lordlings, and Dukelings.

Ju. Sure you will not Sister, when you ha' pretended to keep your bed.

Laur. We won't be known, besides we ha' been abroad already.

Ju. Oh! bless me.

Enter waiting Woman.

Wait. Madam, here's my Lord *Wiseman*, and Mr. *Bellamour*.

L. *W.* Ladies, behold a pair of Exiles, sentenc'd by your Father to eternal banishment from hence.

Bell. Yes, Ladies, but not for any faults, but for such Vertues as we hope will fix us faster in your favour.

L. *W.* Our faults are our love to our own, and your Fathers honour; we will not treacherously encourage him in ways that will dishonour and ruine him.

Lau. My Lord, I commend you.

Ju. So I do you, Mr. *Bellamour*, you are a Man of Honour but Unfortunate. In doing this, you shall have my esteem, but not me. I will Marry no man without my Fathers leave, and yet I will marry no man that gains his leave on dishonourable terms.

Lau.

Lau. Now I will marry no man that thinks of my Father, Fortune, or any thing but me, or regards any leave but mine.

Lo. W. Madam, here's such a man; You I have long sought, but never your Father, till he sought me. And now we have been so far from aiming at your fortunes, that our business with your Father, was to reject his favour, and by consequence all hopes of your Fortunes.

Ju. 'Twas generous; and Mr. *Bellamore*, you have gain'd so much of my esteem, that if possible I will never see you more; because it will be a trouble to see what I must for ever loose.

Bell. Oh! Madam must that be my reward?

Ju. The fault lies in our destiny.

Lau. On the contrary, had my Lord sought any thing but me, I wou'd never ha' seen him more. Now I shall be willing to see him often.

Lo W. A thousand blessings on you.

Ai. Are you coming so close? I'le part you.——[*aside.*] have a care Sister, he's a false man; I know a Lady he has a Child by—— *aside to* Lau:

Lau. How?——no matter he forsakes her for me

Ai. So, she likes him the better; I have given her a proof of his manhood [*aside.*

Lau. One word my Lord: may not this seeming generous Contempt of my fortune, proceed from a reall contempt of me? have you no engagements with other women?

Lo. W. Did you drop this poyson in her ear? if you did you starve. [*aside to* Ai.

Ai. I did not, it proceeds from her levity and vanity, she wou'd be belov'd by all, and love none. [*aside*

Lo. W Madam, I have no engagements:

Lau. Never had any?

Lo. W. I cannot say so, I am a man; were I an insensible Statue, I were more fit for your garden then your chamber. I have been wounded by beauty before, but never so deeply as now. You Conquer all my Conquerors, and the more they have been, the greater is your triumph, since I renounce 'em all for you.

Ai. Oh bold knave! [*aside*

Ju. Well 'tis time, we break off conversation; if my father shou'd finde us together here, he wou'd be much displeas'd, and these Gentlemen are more generous, then for their own satisfaction, to prejudice us.

Bell. Heaven forbid, Madam: I will rather part, that is suffer Death, then cause the least suffering to you. [*Exit* Ju.

Lau. I shall beg your Lordship also to withdraw elsewhere: [Bell. I shall be willing to see you, as soon as my health will admit.

Ai. Her health——ha! ha! [*aside*

Lo. W. I hope Madam, 'twou'd not prejudice your health, to change the air, and come abroad with speed: I am sure 'twill be for the health of the world, who will be sick till they see you.

Lau. My Lord you are obliging; to requite you, I'le venture my health and meet you three hours hence, at my Sister *Airyes* Lodging.

Lo. W. Madam, I shall attend you there with infinite impatience. [*Exit.*

Ai. At my Lodgings? I ſhall put 'em to better uſe, [*aſide*
Oh! dear Siſter; what have I forgot? my Lady *Galloper* deſired me to invite you to a great entertainment, that will be this night at her Country-houſe, near the Town; and you are to go a horſe-back; and there will be above forty horſe wi' you, all Beauties and Beaus. And there you are to Dance all night, and Gallop all day: And to tell the truth, this entertainment is, made all for you, by a great *Italian* Prince lately come over, who has ſeen you, admires you, and ſpends two hundred pound to get into your company.

Lau. Oh! I'le go, I'le go——my horſe, my horſe, and my riding equipage quickly.

Ai. Oh! dear, will you diſappoint my Lord *Wiſeman?*

Lau. Pſhaw! don't talk of him now: now I think on't I'le ſend to him to excuſe my not coming. About three hours hence, go to my Siſter *Airyes* lodgings; you will find there my Lord *Wiſeman*: Tell him I have done my ſelf great prejudice by leaving my Chamber too ſoon, that I am forc'd to take my Bed again; as ſoon as ever I come abroad, he ſhall have notice: In the mean time deſire him for my ſake to abſtain from coming hither. [*Ex* Wait——*W.*

Ai. Do you think he won't hear of this journey?

Lau. Oh if he does I'me undone, and hear he will: I won't go: yes, I will. I'm reſolv'd on Liberty.

Ai. So——The Aſſignation is ſpoil'd——now will I give him notice of her falſhood——[*aſide.*] What will you do with all theſe Lovers?

Lau. Fool 'em all, I'le marry none of 'em, when I marry I make a Fool of my ſelf.

The hour of Marriage ends the Female Reign,
And we give all we have to buy a Chain;
Hire Men to be our Lords, who were our Slaves,
And bribe our Lovers to be perjur'd knaves.
Oh how they ſwear to Heaven and the Bride,
They will be kinde to her and none beſide,
And to themſelves the while in ſecret ſwear,
They will be kind to every one but her. [*Ex.*

Scene Sir Thomas Credulous's *Houſe: A Room with a Pallet Bed.*

Enter Sir Thomas Credulous *and* Panſy.

Sr. Tho. Dear honeſt *Panſy*, bring this to paſs, and thou wilt make thy own Fortunes and Mine. Thou wilt help me to an Eſtate by ſaving me one, which this Prieſt (if he goes on) will cheat me of, by the means of my honeſt ſimple believing Wife, and I dare not hinder him for fear the Rogue will poyſon me to get my Wife a Popiſh Husband: So I am forc'd to pretend I am a Convert, and ſick and dying.

Pan. I warrant you, they ſhall not diſcover you, the Doctor, Apothecary, Nurſe, and I, are all in a Combination to aſſiſt you.

Sr. Tho. Nay, the Prieſt little thinks in what a ſnare he is, and what viſions and Revelations I have had in my pretended ſickneſs; that I have heard him talk

lewdly

lewdly to thee, and endeavour to corrupt thee.

Pansy. My Lady will never believe it Sir.

Sr Tho. Will she not believe her eyes? We'le contrive it so that she shall see and hear his Roguery. I'le pretend to go out of Town by the Doctors order, as my last Remedy: to take my Wife and all the Servants with me, but thee, whom I will leave behind on some occasions, I'le devise. Then will the Priest run furiously into the Snare, and when he is in, we'l shew him to my Wife.

Pan. Oh that will do very well, Sir. But I wonder he follows me, when so many fine Ladies come after him: Here are now severall wayting in their Coaches, to have the reversion of him, some of them are a little Antequated, those I observe he dispatches presently; The Younger Ladies he takes some time withal.

Sr. Tho. Oh! good reason for that: The young Ladies having most Sins upon their backs; for they have fresh loads every day. The Elderly Ladies have been unpack'd a good while since, and turn'd to grass.

Pan. But how comes he to tamper with me, when he has so much Temptation among the fine Ladies?

Sr. Tho. There's more security with thee: If he should knock at a wrong door there, he were undone. There would be such a busle about his ears. But he thinks his Reputation is able to master thee: Then there's less trouble with thee. A Lady of Quality has a great many troublesome Formalities about her, and a Man is often a long while a Fumbling before he can lay 'em decently aside.

Pan. Well Sir, pray betake your self to your bed; as soon as ever the stop of Coaches is over, my Lady will drive like mad: She was so impatient she met with a stop, and ordered me to get home before, and keep up your Spirits by telling you, she's coming with the Priest.

Sr. Tho. That he's coming to cheat me, comfortable News; But as much care as she takes of my Soul, she takes more of his guts; He must be fed before I have my Spiritual Collation.

Pan. That he must Sir. All's got ready against he comes. Heark, they are come, to bed——to bed.

Sir Tho. *lies down. Enter* Finicall, *Lady* Credulous, *and other Ladies.*

Lau. Oh dear, what an unhappy Stop have we had? It may be the ruine of Sir *Thomas*'s poor Soul. If he shou'd dye without Oyl & Holy Water, what would become of him? well dear Sir, how de'e, how de'e, after your Journey, ha?

La. Ay, how do you, good Sir?

2. *La.* I hope you ha' catch'd no cold, Sir.

Sr. Tho. So, I'me the sick man, and they all enquire how he does. [*aside.*

Fin. Thank you good Madam; thank you Ladies all. I cannot do amiss under the Conduct of my Incomparable Lady *Credulous.*

1. *La.* Oh dear Madam, thank you for your kindness to the Father.

Ladies. We all thank you for the Father, Madam.

La. C. Oh I can never do enough for him, now we see the good Father is well, let's look after Sir *Thomas.*

Sr. Tho. Look after me laſt—— [*aſide.*

La. C. What art got here my Love? ah! my Love, my Love.

Sr. Tho. Don't take on ſo my dear.

La. C. I can't help it my Love, my poor dear Love.

1. *La.* How do you, Sir *Thomas?*

Sr. Tho. Very bad, but my Doctor ſays, if I go into the Country, change of Air may do me good.

La. C. Does he ſo? Ah he revives my heart, when, when wilt thou go my Love, prethee go as ſoon as thou canſt, my dear.

Sr. Tho. I'le go with all ſpeed, I've been ſetling my Affairs with *Panſy*, for that very purpoſe. I intend to leave her behind upon ſome bus'neſs.

La. C. Do my Love: Ah! my ſweet dear, what comfort doſt thou give me?

Fin. And me too; what a door is here opening to come at Mrs *Panſy.*

Sr. Tho. I have a great fancy I ſhall do well in the Country.

La. C. Ah! ſend thou doſt.

Sr. Tho. Well if I do not, I ſhall go into a better Country, I hope.

Fin. I do not doubt it Sir *Thomas.*

La. C. Ah Sir; he may thank you for it: If you can't ſend him to a good place, no body can that I know.

Fin. Madam I have us'd my beſt endeavour, and truly I think with Succeſs: Sir *Thomas* has to my great joy given many proofs of the ſincerity of his Converſion. The greateſt proof he can give, which I have formerly adviſ'd him to, and now by the Authority of a Prieſt require from him, is this; that for the offence Sr. *Thomas* you have given the Church in the days of your Hereſy, you make her Compenſation by ſettling all your Eſtate, on this bleſſed pious member of it, your Lady, my Lady *Credulous.*

Sr. Tho. That you may have it—— [*aſide*

La. C. Don't do it Sir *Thomas* for my good, but for the good of your Soul. I'le promiſe you faithfully, I'le live upon bread and water, and the Father ſhall have it all.

Sr. Tho. The Father ſhall be hang'd firſt; you ſhall not have my Eſtate till you have more wit.——[*aſide*] well I Promiſe to ſettle every foot I have, upon your back-ſide in time convenient, you cheating Raſcall—— [*aſide*

Fin. Bear witneſs Ladies.

Sr. Tho. Ay, every foot, every foot.

Fin. Your Soul Sir *Thomas* will find the comfort of it.

La. C. Ay 'twas a happy day, when he met with you, Sir.

Sr. Tho. To be cheated:—— [*aſide*

La. C. Well Sir you will be ſome time about Sr. *Thomas*, therefore you had beſt take a little refreſhment firſt: Wo't thou have any thing my dear.

Sr. Tho. A little wine if you will:

La. C. Thou ſhalt my dear: Oh lack! my grief diſtracts me; I quite forgot to give the Father any thing to warm his ſtomack when he came in——ſome Chocolate with Sack in it: Ladies, will you help me; for I know not what I ſay, nor what I do.

Ladies. With all our hearts, Madam.

Fin.

Fin. Oh by no means, Ladies.

La. C. Nay, let 'em, it will joy their good hearts to ſerve you Sir.

Sr. Tho. So So, I am ſick, and he muſt be nurs'd. [*aſide.*

[*Enter* Panſy *with* Chocolate]

Pan. Madam, I have got the *Chocolate* ready, as you order'd, and the Collation too.

La. C. That's well——that's well.

Pan. Where ſhall we lay the Cloath? Madam.

La. C. Here, here; this room is more pleaſant and Airy. The room within is loſe and Choaky: we'le carry Sir *Thomas* thither.

Sr. Tho. Ah! Pox choak him: He muſt ſtay here to be treated, and I muſt be carried in to be choak'd—— [*aſide*

La. C. Ladies I muſt look after dear Sir *Thomas*: Will you bear the Father company? I never eat any thing on a faſting-day, but a cruſt o' bread, or ſo. But the Father is of a tender Conſtitution, and takes a great deal of pains, ſo he's indulg'd, and I'me glad of it. Ladies, if any of you be indulg'd, pray ſhare with him.

1. *La.* Thank you Madam, I'le wait upon him, but I eat nothing.

2. *La.* I allways keep a faſt very ſtrict, Madam, but I'le wait on the Father.

Ladies. So we will all.

La. C. That's very well done, Ladies. *Panſy* do you wait on him too. Come dear Love. [*Exit Lady* Credulous *leading Sir* Thomas.

1. *La.* Come give us the Cloath, we'le all help to do ſomething.

Ladies. All, all.

Fin. Oh! Ladies by no means.

Ladies. Pray Sir.

Fin. Nay, pray Ladies.

Ladies. Nay pray Sir.

Fin. Ladies in one word, if you proceed thus, I faſt.

1. *La.* Oh! dear Sir; rather then ſo, we'le deny our ſelves the happineſs to ſerve you, Sir,

2. *La.* Well Sir, ſince it is ſo, I'le humbly take my leave. Pray, Sir, when ſhall I have the happineſs of enjoying you an hour Sir?

Fin. Indeed, Madam, I cannot exactly tell. I have much buſineſs upon my hands: But the firſt opportunity I can poſſibly compaſs, I will not fail to make my attendance on your very good Ladiſhip.

2. *La.* Your Servant Sir.

Fin. Her Breath is ſtrong [*aſide,*

1. *La.* When ſhall I be ſo happy with you Sir?

Fin. Madam, the ſooner the better. To morrow in the evening if you pleaſe, Madam, at my Chamber.

1. *La.* Your Servant Sir.

Fin. This is a ſweet young Lady.

3. *La.* Well Sir, when do you think you ſhall be at leiſure for me?

Fin.

Fin. Very ſoon, Madam: ſhe's handſome too.

3. *La.* Your ſervant Sir: Come Ladies, we'l all go together.

Fin. Ladies, you'l give me leave to wait on you to your Coaches?

1. *La.* By no means.

2. *La.* Oh no the air is bleak, and you'l catch cold.

3. *La.* Indeed you ſhan't, if you do we'le take it very ill.

2. *La.* Thruſt him back, and ſhut the door upon him.

Fin. Your Servant Ladies, you make me unmannerly, I wiſh you well home.

——[*Exit* Ladies]

So Mrs *Panſy* you and I are left together, I am not ſorry for it: you are a pretty woman. I muſt kiſs you Mrs *Panſy*

Pan. Fy Sir: you are a Prieſt, you have no kiſſing-ſtuff about you.

Fin. Oh Mrs. *Panſy*, when we ſhave our Crowns, we do not ſhave our thoughts, and had we no kiſſing-ſtuff in our own blood, we have enough poured into our ears every day from Confeſſions. Oh! they have ſet my blood a-boiling many a time and it ſimpers now: come I muſt kiſs you Mrs *Panſy*. [*As he kiſſes her,* *Lady* Credulous *Enters.*] Ha! my Lady? Oh dear Madam—good Mrs. *Panſy* is at Confeſſion.

La. C. Is't poſſible? Oh! I'm ſorry I diſturb'd you. But *Panſy* you ſhou'd ha' been down to the Father. Good Sir, how dares are you of theſe things, that you ſhou'd do this before you have eaten? Pray eat firſt, Sir. Who's there: why don't you bring in the things? If I don't look after things, there's nothing done. Bring in what you ha' got; and when the Father has eaten, put *Panſy* and him together, and let no body diſturb 'em. And ſo much good may do you Sir. [*Ex.*

Fin. Well Mrs *Panſy*, now you are mine by your Ladies Order.

Pan. Sure, Sir, you do but jeſt with me.

Fin. Indeed I am in earneſt Mrs *Panſy*, as I will ſoon convince you. Carry the Collation into the next room; this room is not private. [*Enter* Servants

Pan. Nor the next neither. Pray don't offer [*with Diſhes.*

me any rudeneſs Sir; the Servants will take notice.

Fin. Well we'le be diſcreet; we need not be venturesome, your maſter is going out of Town, and then we ſhall have liberty without danger.

Pan. But ſure, Sir, you won't do any ſuch ill thing.

Fin. Upon my word, Mrs *Panſy*, there's no harm in it. You ſhall find, I'le give you full Satisfaction: we do not ſtudy for nothing.

We go to ſubtle Schools.
For tricks to make the World our Slaves, and Fools. [*Exit*

The End of the Third Act.

The Fourth ACT.

SCENE. I. Laura's *Chamber.*

Enter Laura *and* Airy, *in Hats and Feathers, Cravats, Periwigs, and Mens Coats. All the upper dreſſes like Men.*

Lau. NOw, hay? for my Lady Gallopers.

Ju. I can't deviſe what you mean to do there.

Ai. Dance, ſing, laugh, play, Gallop.

Lau. I'le make the Sparkes Dance without a Fiddle. I never look'd on a young brisk Fop i'my life, but I ſet him a capring; Legs, Arms, Head, Combe, Wig, all fell a dancing. I have given him a laſh with a glance, and he has turn'd round on his heel like a Gig.

Ai. Oh! that's *Ala-mode de France*; when an Airy ſpark comes into a room, to ſhew his Spirit, and transport, he makes an addreſs to all the Company, by turning his backſide to 'em, and fencing againſt the wall.——Sa: Sa:

Lau. 'Tis true; but oh! Heaven deliver me from an Iriſh Mac transforming himſelf into a French Mounſieur; methinks when I ſee the awkard fool jumping and capring, I ſee a French Mounſieur ſtuck in an Iriſh bog, endeavouring to get out, and cannot.

Ju. What do you think my Father will ſay when he hears of this?

Lau. He'l not hear of it, or if he does he won't believe it. Han't I poſſeſt him I'me ſick? and now to hinder him from enquiring further about me, I have ſent him word, I'me paſt all danger, only not well enough to come out of my Chamber: ſo he'l think I'm there.

Ju. What will my Lord *Wiſeman* think?

Lau. I ha'ſecured him too——ſo, did you find my Lord *Wiſeman*?

Wai. Yes Madam, and I told him what your [*Enter Waiting-woman.*
Ladyſhip commanded me.

Ai. And I let him know how your Jiltſhip has ſerv'd him. [*aſide*

Ju. Well Siſter, this galloping abroad, will give your reputation no very good complexion.

Ai. Oh! a Ladies reputation ought to be a ſort of a Brunette; then it has an attraction in it, like Amber: A white reputation, is as diſagreeable to men, as white eye-brows, or white eye-laſhes.

Lau. I'le keep my virtue.

Ai. And trouble enough in conſcience: Virtue, i' this world has no great Spirit, 'twill hardly keep; and no very agreeable taſt, for 'tis never ripe, and ſo

one

one muſt ſweeten it with pleaſure to make it palatable.

Ju. Coddle it and dip it in Sugar and Roſe-water.

Enter Wayting-Woman.

Way. Oh! Madam, will your Ladyſhip give me leave to get ten Guinneys by you?

Ju. How now? ſhe has a mind to ſell us?

Lau. Prethee which way?

Way. Squire *Ranter* can't get in; ſo he ſent for me and offer'd me Ten Guinneys to help him to Kiſſe your hand.

Ai. Oh! let him in——

Lau. Ay, take his money and make an Aſſe of him. [*Ex. W.*

Ju. I wiſh you don't make Fools of your ſelves.

Enter Young Ranter, *Old* Ranter, Dulman *Booted.*

Lau. How now, booted Gentlemen; whether are you going?

Yo. R. Nay, what know I? you know beſt: we heard you were going out o' Town, ſo we reſolv'd to go with you, Go where you will 'tis for thy ſake I go dear Rogue; I care not if ſhe were Damn'd. [*aſide to* Airy.

Ai. I believe you Mr. *Ranter*, & for that reaſon gave you notice. [*aſide to* Ran.

Ju. Sure you won't take theſe plague-ſores with you; if you do, all the world will run from you: They that are peſter'd with theſe ſhou'd be lock'd up, and have *Lord ha' mercy on 'em* writ upon their doors.

O. R. Come Madam, your Siſter will be wiſer then to refuſe my boy; if ſhe finds fault with my boy, ſhe finds fault with a fat Gooſe.

Yo. R. A Gooſe you Sot:

Dul. Madam,——Confound me——Jack, is as brave a ——confound me——

Yo. R. Sots both. I've brought a fine intrigue into the world, and theſe boobyes will over-lay't with non-ſence.

O. R. Madam, this rogue will drink with any Nation in Chriſtendom, and ſink 'em dead by his ſide.

Dul. That he will really.

Ju. A pretty Commendation; now methinks it would be a More honourable employment, to go to Sea, and ſink 'em there.

Yo. R. I have honours and honourable employments enow I am Admirall of *Burdeaux*, Duke of *Burgundy*, Earl of *Champeign*, Vicount *Canary*, Baron *Sherry*, and Governour o' the eighteen-penny Gallery i'the Play-houſe.

O. R. Oh! brave boy.

Dul. A rare fellow i' faith.

Ju. Oh! Sir, you are Governour o'th whole houſe, no Perſon ſhall hear any more then your noiſe pleaſes; you'l take up ſix benches in the Pit by ſprawling, and pay for none of 'em, quarrell with the men, talk ſcurrilous ſtuff with the Maſques in the hearing of all the Boxes; wreſtle with the Orange-Maids, throw 'em down, kiſs 'em, then offer Ladies o' Quality their leavings; ——foh! foh! get thee hence. *O. R.*

O. R. How Madam! is this treatment for a Gentleman? my Boy has good blood in his body.

Ju. So has a Pig, wou'd he had ſome good manners, and good ſence.

O. R. Good manners, and good ſence, what occaſion has he for Learning or manners? he's of as good a family as any is in *England*.

Ju. No the Families that ha' manners in 'em are better Families.

Lau. Now I'le fool the fellow to death——[*aſide*]——oh Siſter what de'e mean to treat a fine Gentleman thus? Mr. *Ranter* I beſeech you do not think my Siſter ſpeaks my ſence; upon my word ſhe has put me into great confuſion.

O. R. This is a Lady o' ſence.

Dul. A fine woman——

Yo. R. Madam you tranſport me——a bowle--I'le drink her health i' my bloud [*offers to draw*

Lau. Oh Mr. *Ranter*, what are you doing?

Air. What are you doing indeed?

Y. R. Nothing to hurt my ſelf Child; I'me only bantring this Lady--Fop—— Prithee hold me—— [*aſide to* Airy.

Ju. Oh don't hinder him; go on Mr. *Ranter*.

Y. R. At your command Madam; I'le do nothing to obey you.

Ju. I'm ſorry I hinder'd thee. [*To Ran. puts up*

Lau. So am I——[*aſide*—Oh! Mr. *Ranter* I'me ready to ſwoon.

Air, De'e ſee how concern'd ſhe is?—Fool her——kiſs her hand.

Y. R. Enough---[*aſide*——oh! ſweetneſs! oh! whiteneſs! when thou wert got, thy mother fed on Roſes, thy Father was in a milk-diet.

Lau. So——I have turn'd this boaſt a grazing in a field, where all the Lillies he gathers have death or madneſs at the root; ſee his eyes rowl; his brains begin to turn: I'le give 'em a whirl.——[*aſide*——Siſter *Airy*, Mr. *Ranter* is very handſome.

Yo. R. Am I ſo? I hear her, ſhe's on her journey to Punk-Hall, ſhe's at half-way houſe——I'le laſh her Tit. [*aſide*] my dear——[*kiſſes her hand ardently.*

Ai. By the pricking o' my Thumbes
Something wicked this way comes.
here's *Wiſeman* [*Enter Lord* Wiſeman.]

Lau. My Lord *Wiſeman*

Yo. R. Let him come——let him come
To his appointed dreadfull doom——
Let him come, let him come. [*ſings*

Ju. So, now ſhe'l ſee her error——I'le be gone [*Exit*

Lo. W. Oh! Madam, did you Counterfeit a ſickneſs, and ſend to ſecure me, that you might in private ſteal a fool? you might ha' begg'd him at Court.

Yo. R. Rail on, I'le give looſers leave to ſpeak.

Lo. W. Madam, I am troubled, not for my ſelf (for I deſerve you not with all your faults) but for you Madam; that ſuch excellence as yours ſhou'd be caſt away by ill Pilots, for you have 'em about you.

Ai. The Knave means me, [*aſide*

Lau. I'm in diſorder, and know not what to ſay. [*aſide*

Lo. W. Madam, you converſe with Ladies, that give themſelves extravagant Liberties, you think they mean no more then you do, Gallantry and converſation. Madam, the moſt of e'm are debauch'd.

Ai. Oh! Raſcall! [*aſide.*

Lo. W. They attain their ends, which are their vitious Pleaſures; you looſe yours, you only mean to be Ador'd. Madam, you are laugh'd at, hated; for you deceive your ſelf and the Men too.

Ai. And how did you deceive your ſelf there, when you quitted me, for this falſe Woman? [*aſide.*

Lo. W. Madam I underſtand you, this Lady I confeſs is unintelligible. [*aſide* Madam I Wooe you not ſo much [*to Laura*] to me, as to your ſelf; Value your ſelf; you have much Excellence, do not ſpread it up and down till it be ſlight as Leaf-Gold, nor guild every clock with your Favours, you take a pride to Conquer wretches, I Scorn to beat.

Yo. R. To beat.

O. R. You beat my Boy.

Yo. R. Thou hadſt better flea a Living Lyon then talk thus elſewhere.

Lo. W. I will flea thee, to Improve thee, I'le ſtuff thee with Straw, then thou wilt have ſomething in thee, and thou mayſt be a ſquab for the Ladies dog to ſleep on, ſure ſhe deſigns thee for no other uſe.

O. R. Jack, we are all dipt, we muſt Fight.

Dul. Ay, *Jack*, pray don't leave me out.

Yo. R. 'Tis ſaid I have no manners, no temperence, now Judge who has moſt, he or I; ſee how provoking he is, and how I Govern my ſelf in your preſence, Madam.

O. R. Ay, here's a Genteel Rogue.

Dul. A curious fellow really.

Yo. R. Never dog was ſo hungry after carrion as I am to devour this puppy: Madam, when I catch him abroad, I'le boil him alive to make puppy-dogg-water for a waſh for you. [*offers to go.*

Lo. W. Hold, and I'le along with you, ſince the Lady has honour'd you with her favour, you ſhall have the honour of Fighting me.

Yo. R. Keep back Sir, are theſe your tricks?

Lo. W. Tricks, what tricks?

Yo. R. To follow me roaring and bellowing, that all the Town ſhall ſee we go out to fight, and ſo we ſhall be hindered. Ha' you ſuch ſhirking tricks? I thought thou hadſt been a braver fellow; I'le ſee you damn'd before you ſhall put your tricks upon me.

Lo. W. Here's a fetch——would you ſcape me that way Sir?——

Yo. R. Sir ſtay behind with the Lady, or I'le poſt you.

O. R. Here's a clear Spirited Rogue——

Yo. R. I'le make him fight me——bolt him in. [*Ex.*

Lo. W. The Rogue has ſhut the door and got away; ſo now will he think to ſave his Skin and Reputation too; to paſs for a Lyon by putting on a Lyons Skin; but I'le make his Aſſes Ears appear though I wiſh him Valiant, Madam, for your ſake, that your love to him may be the leſs reproach to you.

Lau.

Lau. My Love to him?

Lo. W. Yes Madam, did not you entertain him, Favour him?

Lau. To laugh at him, and ſhew you, what aſſurance I had of your Love, and how firmly I repoſe my Heart in yours.

Lo. W. Then you receiv'd *Ranter* to oblige me; I thank you Madam for the tenderneſs you ſhew me, ſince you have Pain'd me, you are willing to give me a little eaſe; but your Opiate is too weak to lay my juſt Jealouſyes aſleep. Do not love or pretend to love a man you believe can be ſo eaſily deceiv'd. I have ſo much honour for you, I believe you are ſincere to *Ranter*, and I wiſh him Valiant that I may fall by his Sword, and you have your Lover with honour at the coſt of my life. [*Exit.*

Lau. He's brave and generous.

Ai. So, her Lover's loſt——[*aſide*]—— they're gone to fight, won't you hinder 'em?

Lau Not for the World: The Duell will be an Infinite glory to me——'tis true, 'twill coſt me a thouſand painfull fears before-hand; and ten thouſand killing griefs after, if the brave *Wiſeman* ſhou'd fall. But glory cannot be bought too dear.

Enter Lord Stately *and Uſher.*

L. Sta. I hear noiſes here, what's the matter?

Lau My Father! [Laura *and* Airy *run away.*

L. Sta. Ha' what's that? what? I thought I ſaw a couple of young Squabbs with petticoats about their heels. They ha' been a-bed with my daughters Maids and had not time to put on their breeches Fetch 'em out there——The impudent Lewdneſs of this Age——Call my Daughters; I'le know if they know any thing of this matter. [*Enter* Uſher *with* Laura, *and* Airy.]

Uſh. An't pleaſe your Honour, this is one of the young Ladies; the Lady *Laura*; and the other is Madam *Airy*.

L. Sta. Ha! what? my Daughter, I confeſs I ha' [*blows*] ſeen theſe Follies elſewhere but never thought to have ſeen 'em within my doors; Madam, half-man, I wou'd not for a Thouſand pound, my Lady Counteſs your Mother, or my Lady Counteſs my Mother, were alive to ſee this——Get you hence: [*to* Laura:] Madam *Airy*, pray divertiſe ſome other Family with theſe Entertainments; I don't underſtand 'em——What a Monſtrous Age is this? whores go, like Hectors, and Hectors go like whores,——Fetch me——Fetch me——Sirrah why don't you go? I le knock you down.

Uſher. Your honour does not ſay what you'd have me go for.

L. Sta. Ha? did not I ſay what I'de have? I don't know what I'de have: Oh! Father *Finicall*, prethee don't trouble me, I'me out of humour. { *Enter* Fin. *in a long black Cloak* { *Caſſock, with a gold croſs, attended.*

Fin. I trouble you, don't you trouble me, what ailes the Man?

L. Sta. What ailes the man? whoſe man am I? what's the matter with the fellow? the fellow knows not who he talks too.

Fin. Yes, the fellow talks to his fellow; I'me your equall my Lord.

L. Sta. Oh! I ha' been diſorder'd and forgot my ſelf. He's made a Biſhop in *Turky*, a *Mahometan* Biſhop, my Lord of *Amas*——no *Galliop*——my Lord *Gallimaufry*——I think——We have both bad memories. I forgot he was a Biſhop, and he forgot he was a lowſy Fryar.—— (*aſide.*) Well my Lord, I cry you mercy, I did not call your advancement to mind: you ſhall ſee I underſtand how to treat your Quality—Fetch him a Chair with Arms.

Fin. Let your Chair with Arms alone; I don't come to looſe time with you.

L. Sta. Looſe time with me, Sir, you are rude: Sir, I won't looſe money with you. What ha' you done about my blew Ribbon? What?

Fin. I don't know, I ha' things of more conſequence to look after.

L. Sta. Sir, I think this is of conſequence, I ſent three thouſand Guinnies to you, like a man of Honour.

Fin. Your Lordſhip neither did nor can ſend any thing to me. Religious Men have no ſeparate Intereſts; what's given to a Single Perſon of an Order, is given to the whole Order. And the truth is, what's given to an Order, is given to the whole Church.

L. Sta. The Devill take your Order. My money is got into a bottomleſs Pit they call a Church. Well Sir, the Nation's beholding to you and your brothers for playing theſe knaviſh tricks, they've undone you: you got Power by our Folly, and you've loſt it by your own, You Fops.

Fin. Do you threaten us my Lord? have you a mind to be ſent to the Tower?

L. Sta. By what Law?

Fin. What has your Lordſhip to do with the Laws? you have given 'em up.

L. Sta. He ſays true, the more Fop I:

Fin. But ſay we have no Laws of our ſide; we have Lawyers: Laws are but ruſty Cannons kept for ſhew, Men are the mounted Guns to do Execution, and we can turn their Muzzles any way: we have Men of our ſide, Gown-men, and Sword-men, and you have Laws, that is, Letters, A's and B's. Take the whole Criſs-Croſs-Row if you will, we have, Forty Thouſand hands, and the hand of Heaven.

L. Sta. And the Devills claw, if either Godlineſs or Wickedneſs can do your buſineſs for you, 'tis done.

Fin. Come your Lordſhip is imprudent, and will do your ſelf wrong; we have done you none, but what we were compell'd to, by an Eminent Father of the Court who diſpoſed the Ribban unknown to us, though he knew 't'was our turn.

Lo. Sta. Your turn? theſe fellows ply at all preferments like Watermen at all Stairs; and ſhortly they'l cry next Fryer, next Fryer. Sir, I don't believe the Court will approve this Knavery.

Fin. Let not your Lordſhip truſt to that; the Court have their ſence from us.

Lo. Sta. And their Nonſence too: what baſe ſlaves are we, we are ſlaves to ſlaves Eccleſiaſtical Blackes but not half ſo honeſt or uſefull as the Blackes we have from Guinney. [*Ex.*

Fin. We muſt tickle this Fool with ſome feather.

Enter

Enter Lady Pinchgut.

La. P. Oh! my Lord, I give thee joy, of thy Advancement.
Fin. Madam, you muſt not treat a Prelate with that irreverence.
La. P. Oh! the fellow's grown Proud. [*aſide.*

Enter Coachman.

Co. Oh! here's her Prieſt; I'le tell her Prieſt of her. An't pleaſe your Honour I'de feign have a word with you.
Fin. What are you?
Co. My Lady *Pinchguts* Coachman. She ſtarves all her Servants. I deſire your Honour to command her to give us ſome Victualls.
La. P. Oh! this Raſcall. [*aſide.*] ſirrah! how dare you ſay this? do I look like a Perſon that ſtarves People, ſirrah?
Co. You don't ſtarve your ſelf indeed:
Fin. Come Madam, there's too much truth in this: Friend leave your affair to me; you ſhall ſee the advantage of having Roman Clergy among you: you know Madam, I have threatned you with ſevere Pennances for this ſin, but ſpar'd you, hoping Indulgence wou'd win upon you. This Indulgence was cruelty and only encourag'd you to proceed in it; which you have done to that degree, 'tis broke out into open complaint. That now your ſin will be the Sin, and ſhame o' the Church, if we do not ſhew our reſentments.
La. P. What will he impoſe upon me? oh! the ſlavery we ſuffer under theſe fellows. [*aſide.*
Fin. Conſidering your Fortune, Quality, and the diſgrace you ha' done the Church, I might lay a Fine upon you of five Thouſand pound.
La. P. Five Thouſand Pound? Oh! he has ſtruck me Dead. [*aſide.*
Co. Five Thouſand pound? There will be ſix or ſeven hundred Pound to my ſhare. I'le ſet up the beſt Hack in *England.* [*aſide.*
La. P. My Lord I find my ſelf mighty ill all o' the ſudden; I'le take my leave at preſent, and we'l diſcourſe of this another time.
Fin. Hold, hold, Madam.
La. P. I cannot poſſibly ſtay.
Fin. You ſhall.
La P. I cannot.
Fin. You ſhall.
La. P. My Lord you don't know how ill I am, I'm mighty ill.
Fin. You ſhall ſtay for that reaſon, you may Dye before you have given ſatisfaction, and ſo prejudice your Soul and the Church.
La. P. Well, if I find my ſelf very bad, I'le leave ſomething in my Will.
Fin. Your Will: you are to make no Will without me: noLay-Perſons in our Communion muſt have any Will or underſtanding, but what they have from Prieſts.
La. P. Sure you won't make me pay five Thouſand Pound.

Fin.

Fin. No, I will not, nor five hundred neither, nor one hundred. To ſhew how tenderly I'le deal with you, in hopes of amendment: I'le only order you to pay fifty Pound to be diſpos'd of as I think good.

La. P. That's a great deal o' money: well, if Proteſtants be Sav'd, they have Heaven cheaper then we have by fifty *Per Cent.* [*aſide.*

Fin. Do you mutter? I won't take it now.

La. P. No, my Lord; I'le give it with all my heart.

Fin. I won't take it.

La. P. I have it here in Guinneys——pray take it, my Lord.

Fin. No, keep your money, and part with the Church. I'le Excommunicate you.

La. P. Oh! my Lord, do' ye think I'le be Damn'd for fifty Pound? pray take it, my Lord——

Fin. If you be ſenſible of your Obſtinacy——

La. P. I am, and ask your Pardon with all my heart, my Lord; and beg your Lordſhip to accept this.

Fin. To let you ſee yon have an Indulgent Spirituall Father, I condeſcend to accept this.

La. P. I humbly thank your Lordſhip; But for you, Sirrah; you are an impudent ſawcy raſcall, and I'le ſpit in your Face.——[*ſpits at the Co.* [*Ex.*

Fin. You ſee friend; what a well-govern'd Church ours is; methinks this ſhou'd encourage you to come amongſt us.

Co. Ay, an't pleaſe your honour, with all my heart. I did not think it had been ſuch a brave Church.

Fin. Very well, I'le aſſure you I my ſelf will preſent you.——

Co. Thank your Honour.——

Fin. With Maſs-Books and Catechiſes.

Co. Catechiſes? we wou'd ha' ſomething to eat and pleaſe your Honour.

Fin. You ſhall ha' that too; I'le make my Lady provide for you.

Co. Ay, for the time to come, but for the fifty pounds, an't pleaſe your Honour, ſhe has given at preſent.

Fin. Well, I'le give you an Angell.

Co. An Angell, an't pleaſe your Honour. I believe my ſhare will come to ſix or ſeven pound!

Fin. Your ſhare Child? this money is not for you; this is for the Covent, ſweet heart.

Co. Covent my Lord? why ſo? ſhe did not ſtarve the Covent, ſhe ſtarv'd us, and pray let us have reparation.

Fin. I ha' nothing to do with perſons out of our Communion; when ſhe ſtarv'd you, you were out of our care, now you are come amongſt us, let her wrong you if ſhe dare. However in what ſhe did, ſhe diſgrac'd us, therefore we have made her give us ſatisfaction, and giving us ſatisfaction, we give her abſolution.

Co. That's very brave; you make money of our guts. She ſtarves us, and you pardon her.

Fin. What ſays the fellow?

Co. Hang you, take your Popery again; I'le ha' none o' your Popery: Is this your tricks you bind your ſelf prentice to the Devill, and we muſt give money with you.

Fin.

Fin. Turn the Raſcall out. [*Exit* Co.

A Gentleman. An't pleaſe your Honour, my Lady *Credulous*, and other Ladies are coming.

Fin. Pſhaw! I'le be troubled with her husband no more, we have ſettled his affairs. Tell my Lady I'm ill; as indeed I am. I muſt lye down—I'me heavy and drowſy. [Fin *lyes down on a Couch.*

[*Enter Lady* Credulous *and Ladies.*]

La. C. Where's my good Lord? Alas! Alas! layn down? now do I tremble, for fear your Lordſhip is not well: Oh! dear I'm ſick for you. Nay, nay, lye ſtill—don't ſtir.

1. *La.* Ay, lye ſtill pray my Lord.

Fin. Oh! Ladies I'm ſo oblig'd to you. I wiſh my ſtrength were greater for your ſakes; and the ſakes of many more ſuch good people. I'm of a weakly conſtitution; & great affairs lye upon us. The whole Kingdom lies upon four of us.

La. C. It does indeed my Lord; we come to beg a favour of your Lordſhip, that you will be pleas'd to accept ſome little Ornaments we have provided to ſerve your Lordſhip, at your Conſecration; or when you pleaſe, I've brought you ſome looſe Jewells to put in your Mitre; they'r all we have in our Family.

Fin. Oh Good Madam, the Court will provide.

La. C. Oh! my Lord, muſt the Court only be happy? pray let us have the bleſſing to ſerve you. I'm ſure no Perſons do it with more zeal.

Fin. Oh Madam, the Church has a great deal of Comfort and honour from your Ladyſhip.

La. C. My Lord you make me weep for joy.

Fin. Good Lady; ſpare your tears, you ſhed enow for your poor Sir *Thomas*.

La. C. Oh! my Lord, my Lord—there's a happy change in our houſe ſince your Lordſhip was there; my dear Sir *Thomas* is recovering.

Fin. Recovering Madam?

La. C. To a miracle: you wou'd ſtand amaz'd to ſee him.

Fin. Then does he not go out o' Town?

La. C. Oh! yes my Lord, the rather for that: I can venture the poor Soul now: Well no body can imagine the pleaſure o' my heart my dear Lord, will you be pleas'd to come and give him your bleſſing before he goes.

Fin. I will Madam.

La. C. And pray let us have the comfort, and Honour of ſerving your Lordſhip and the Church with theſe humble offerings: we do not know how long we ſhall enjoy theſe happy opportunities.

Fin. Of being Gull'd—ſimple well-meaning Soul. [*aſide*

Well Madam I know your Pious intentions, and generous temper; I will not grieve you by rejecting your offerings. I ſhou'd ſin if I ſhou'd, I accept 'em.

La. C. Thank you a thouſand times; Oh! this is a good man.

1. *La.* I hope your Lordſhip will be as kind to me: my preſent I confeſs is ſo ſmall, that really I'm aſham'd to offer it. But your Lordſhip will have the goodneſs to conſider my circumſtances. I have the misfortune to have a Proteſtant

husband

husband, that will not truſt me with any mony for fear I ſhou'd preſent it to ſuch good men as your Lordſhip: That I profeſs all I cou'd rob him of, or all I cou'd Coax him of, was only to buy theſe embroydered gloves for your Lordſhip.

Fin. Oh! good Madam; the Court will provide.

La. C. Nay, nay, accept 'em, don't grieve the good Lady.

2. *La.* My circumſtances my Lord, are juſt the ſame with the other Lady. I cou'd get no more then to buy ſome Points for your Lordſhips Surplice.

Fin. Alas, good Madam, the Court will provide.

La. C. Muſt no body be ſav'd but the Court, my Lord? pray don't reject the Ladies piety, when you ſee what trouble they are at to ſhew it.

Fin. Well Ladies I heartily accept your religious offrings.

1. *La.* Your Lordſhip highly obliges us.

La. C. Oh! we can never do enough for my Lord: well, can we ſerve you? ſhall we ſtay and wait upon you?

Fin. De'e think I'le be ſo rude, Madam?

La. C. Can *Panſy* do you any ſervice?

Fin. Truly Mrs *Panſy* is a handy perſon, and I am not well. I believe I ſhall be forc'd to refreſh my ſelf with a little ſleep before I can ſtir from hence.

La. C. Alack-aday, what pains he takes?

Fin. When I have ſlept, I ſhall go hence; and then Mrs *Panſy* will be uſefull to me.

La. C. I'm glad of it, with all my heart. *Panſy* I charge you go home with my Lord; and do whatever he commands you.

Pan. I'l ſee him hang'd firſt.— [*aſide.*]

Fin. Thank you good Madam. Ladies will you give me leave to lye down.

La. C. Oh! do good my Lord, and let us lay your Cuſhion for you; and cover you. Will you ha' nothing over you but your Cloak:

Fin. No Madam, more will make me too hot, well I'm afraid I ſhall be ſo unmannerly to fall aſleep.

La. C. Oh! do if you can, pray my Lord.

Fin. I'l accept your courteſy.— Sir, go about my buſineſs, and leave me to Mrs *Panſy*— [*to his Servants*] Ladies your humble Servant.

La. C. See I think he ſleeps already—he ſnores—ah that's good news: now let us ſteal away—ſoft—ſoft—[*Lady* Credulous *and Ladies ſteal away.*]

Fin. Are they gone?—

Pan. Oh! this is a falſe Prieſt, or rather a true Prieſt: [*aſide*] Awake my Lord: I thought you had lain down to get a nap.

Fin. I lay down Mrs *Panſy* to get thee, who art worth all the naps in Chriſtendome.

Pan. Pſhaw you will be always jeſting.

Fin. Upon my word Mrs *Panſy*, I never was more ſerious.

Pan. I know not what you mean. But if you mean any good I'l be willing to hear you.

Fin. Then come my dear, go home with me.

Pan. You had better ſtay till my Maſter is gone out o' Town, which will be preſently. For I ſhall be left behinde; and we may be together with more decen-

cy.

cy, at my Masters, then at your lodgings.

Fin. 'Tis very true; th'art discreet. Well then go home, and give me notice when thy Master and Lady are gone.

Pan. I will my Lord, your Servant.

Fin. So she's mine.

My trade is a fine easy gainful cheat,
How easy 'tis, Saintship to counterfeit;
And pleasing fables to invent and spread;
And fools ne're find the cheat, till they are dead.

The Fifth ACT.

SCENE. I. *A Field.*

Enter Lord Wiseman, Bellamour, *and a Gentleman.* *Young* Ranter, *Old* Ranter, *and* Dulman.

Lord W. SO, by good luck, I have lighted upon him: and brought him to the Stake, and he seems to come willingly. [*aside*] Come *Jack*, I'm glad to to finde thou hast courage.

Yo. R. I shou'd be glad to finde it too.—A Girl in Love can get a Conjurer, shew her the devill: Can't I have the Courage of a girl? Let him put the devill in his arm, I'le meet him. [*aside.* hem! come Sir. Here's Collonell *Hacker* for you; the top of the two Families of the *Hackers* and *Pinkeneys*. This Bilboe has shew'd more brains then our Statesmen do. Well, he and I has had good flesh in our time— [*shews a broad sword.*]

Lo. W. I'm glad you are so merry.

Bell. Who falls to my share?

O. R. I will Sir, Pox 'tis but a push and be disarm'd, and all's well.

Gen. Then you are mine, Sir. [*aside.*

Dul. That's more then you know; I have danc'd this dance before now. [*They all fight, and O.R. falls.*

O.R. You will not kill me when I'm down Sir?

Bell. No, I scorn it Sir.

O. R. Then the Devill take me if I rise.— [*aside.*

Yo. R. Are you down? get you up, you old Son of a Whore.

O. R. I'le see you hang'd first, you young Son of a whore. [*aside.*

Lo. W. Your Sword is mine, Sir. [*disarms* Yo. *R.*

Dul. Nay then take mine too, I won't fight by my self.

Yo. R. Oh! you blundring block-head, you have thrown down all the honour

I have been building theſe ſeven years; hacking and hewing with all the pains of a Carpenter.

O. R. Pſhaw, the honour of a Dueller is but the honour of a Lottery-fool; he ſtakes all he has to get a Spoon, and is proclaim'd a Cully by a Trumpet. In this as in all other gaming the box wins all; that is the Coffin.

Yo. O. I'le be hang'd if this fellow got me. Some *Caſar* Paſs'd my Mother's *Rubicon*, wou'd I had his Commentaries.

O. R. Come *Jack*: ſhall we go drink?

Yo. R. I drink with ſuch dull Rogues as you, that droop over your wine, like *Willows* over water: I can find better employment.— [*Ex.*

O. R. 'Tis a witty Rogue, and rare Company. He does many a time, by ſinging, playing on a pipe, or one trick or another, coakes me to drink, as a Country-man by whiſtling does his horſe. Well *Dulman*, you and I'le drink.

Dul. With all my Soul— [*Ex* Old Ranter, *and* Dulman.

Lo. W. This fellow is not truly valiant any where but in a Tavern or Bawdy-houſe; there he is bold, and ventures on dangerous ſtuff.

Bel. I wiſh dangerous ſtuff, were vented no where elſe, that none came from our Schools and Pulpits.

Lo. W. You ſay well Mr. *Bellamore*. Come let us to our Miſtreſſes—[*Exit.*

SCENE *A Room. Enter* Airy *ſinging*, Laura.

Oh! the wakings, [*Ai.* ſings.
Heart-akings,
Fears, Longings and Cares,
With the Pantings,
And Faintings,
That a poor Lover Bears.

Come ſing Child, if thy Lover and Fortune go, let 'em vaniſh, as they ſay good ſpirits do in Muſique and Songs. And if ſorrow wrap ſawcily at thy heart, do as ſome mettled Ladies do, fling Claret on his head.

Lau. I'm ſecure both of Lover and fortune; my Lover is faſt i'my ſnare, and my Father has more regard to the honour of his Family, then to caſt his Daughter off: Come ſing the Song I like.

[*Airy* ſings]

I once had Virtue, Wealth, and Fame,
Now I'm a ruin'd Sinner,
I loſt 'em all at Loves ſweet game,
Yet think my ſelf a winner.

Since that dear Lovely Youth I gain,
My heart was long purſuing,
I'm Rich enough, nor ſhall Complain
Of ſuch a ſweet undoing.

I'le Laugh at cruell Fortunes ſpight,
While I have any feature,
To keep his Love, for t'at's delight
Enough for mortall Creature:

The Sport's ſo pleaſant, you will own,
When once you have been in it,
You'd gladly be an age undone,
For one ſuch Charming-minute.

[*Enter* Waiting-Woman.]

Way. Oh! Madam I ſhall be as rich as a banquer, Mr. *Ranter* offers me ten *Guinneys* more, to bring him to you.

Ai. Take the money, and bring him in. [*Exit* Way.

Lau. Do, I long to ſpeak with him, to know the Succeſs of the Duell: my Lord *Wiſeman* and he, went out to fight, I hope in heaven my Lord has receiv'd no harm, for if he has, it will coſt me ſome Sighs, and I wou'd not be melancholy a minute. [*Enter* Yo. Ranter.

Ai. He's come, I le ſteal away, and ſend for *Wiſeman.*

Yo R Alone: Oh! I ſhall be a happy dog. [*aſide.*

Lau. Mr. *Ranter*, your Servant.

Yo. R. Madam, your Emperour, your favours Crown me: To celebrate my Coronation, my veins have run Claret: I have been tilting with *Wiſeman*, and had cut him in a thouſand pieces, if my Father had not been an unlucky whelp, ſtumbled and ſpilt all my fortune.

Lau. Then My Lord is come off?

Yo. R. Yes, hang him, the fellow fights pretty well.

Lau. Thank you for the honour you ha'done me Mr. *Ranter.*

Yo. R. Thank you for the favour you ſhew me, Madam, & count me a dull dog if I don't make the moſt of e'm. I'le ſtrip and enjoy her, or at leaſt have the credit on't——[*aſide*] [*he unbuttons, and ſhe looks in her Pocket-glaſs.*]

Lau. Now will I fool him into *Bedlam.* Ha? he behaves himſelf modeſtly, keeps his diſtance—[*aſide*]—Mr. *Ranter* I perceive you know how to demean your ſelf, to a Lady in her Chamber.

Yo R. She's right——*aſide*——I warrant you, Madam, doubt not my behaviour:——pox on't eagerneſs makes me fumble. [*aſide.*

Lau. Well Mr. *Ranter*——[*turns and ſees him undreſt*] oh! heavens! who's there? who's there?

Yo. R. Are you mad to ſpoyl all?

Lau. Spoil what villain? didſt thou think I'd be debauch'd by thee?

Yo. R. And did you think I'd marry you? To marry you had been only to chain you in a Church, like the book o' Martyrs, to be turn'd o're by every man: why all this ice to our wine? we are both eager enough: If you did not love *Veniſon*, you'd ne're hunt bucks all day.

Lau. I may love to ſhoot 'em, but I care not if the dogs have the fleſh, eſpecially ſuch as thine, that's cry'd up and down the ſtreets, and offer'd to every trull. This fellow has been us'd only to common ſluts, and knows not what belongs to women o' my quality.

Yo.R. Yes, I know fleſh and blood belongs to you, you are as arrant women as they are, more pamper'd, and by conſequence more wanton. Th' accompliſhments you get by education, are only arts of tempting men to Sin, and then your honour is an art to hide it; that you are more diſhoneſt then the Common women, for they fairly tell us what they are.

Lau. Who's there? alas! I dare not call out for fear of my Father.—Siſter *Airy*—why wou'ſt thou leave me with this fellow? [*Enter Airy*]

Ai. Oh! falſe fellow — haſt thou left me thus? and oh! Madam I cou'd not have thought this of you.

Lau. This of me? this what?

Ai. Nay, you know beſt. Oh! I'm wrong'd, I ſhall ſwoun—

Yo. R. Be'nt troubled, child, I'le do as much for thee, as I ha' done for her.

Lau. I ſhall run mad: ſhe believes I have abus'd my ſelf, and will report it to the world; and here's my Lord *Wiſeman* too. [*Enter Lord Wiſeman.*

Yo. R. Toll--loll--de roll—[*ſings*] now Sir, have I women o' quality?

Lo. Wi. Your Servant Ladies, I'm ſorry I diſturb you— [*offers to go.*

Lau.
Ai. } Hold—hold—my Lord—my Lord—

Lo. W. Your pleaſure Ladies:

Lau. Beat this fellow out o' my Chamber.

Ai. Force him to do me Juſtice; he addreſt to me, and now has forſaken me for this Lady; and I ſhall not only looſe the man I love, but my reputation by keeping her company.

Lau. How: Baſe woman? I'le ſtab thee to the heart.

[*Laura* runs to *Ramers* ſword, and draws it.]

Ai. Do if you can. [*Airy* draws Lord *Wiſemans* ſword.

Yo.R. Ha! the Ladies fight for me.

Lo. W. Hold Ladies hold, let me hear your caſe. Did this fellow force himſelf upon you?

Ai. No, we did admit him; I had reaſon to do it, he pretended ſerious paſſion for me, and I was curs'd to love him.

Lo. W. Oh! this diſſembler [*aſide.*] And do you love him too, Madam?

Lau. Love him: I ever Scorn'd him. He addreſs'd to me, and for diverſion ſake I admitted him. I confeſs I do love to take all liberties Innocence allows, I take no more, and ſo much is our due by the Cuſtome and Courteſy of *England.*

Lo, W. England is indeed a Courteous Nation to Ladies. A Counteſs *Dowager* may marry her footman, and be a beggerly Counteſſe by Courteſy; marry'd Ladies may ramble and be lewd, or at leaſt infamous by courteſy. But Ladies are diſcourteous to themſelves, who take liberties diſcretion will not allow, though Innocency may. Madam, though you be innocent, your Reputatiou will ſuffer; and all your excellence be loſt. Your Beauty like the feild of an Out-law that endures no Government, is condemn'd never to be Sowed: no ill man can attain

you,

you, no wiſe and good man dares, Ladies I leave your Lover wi' you, ſhare him betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Ai. Share him? I'le have him all, he's my right.

Lau. No, I'le have his ears; then do you take the reſt.

Ai. Mr. *Ranter* do me Juſtice, or I'le fetch thoſe that ſhall.

Yo R. I will, come here's a bed within.

Ai. A Bed? do you take me for ſuch a woman? I'le have thy throat——

Yo. R. So I ſhall be carv'd.

Ai. Oh I'me full of laugh, and muſt give it ſome vent.—— [*aſide.*] *Ex.*

Lau. Ha! I'me alone with this fellow——who's there? help! help!

Enter Lord Wiſeman *and* Airy *peeping.*

L. W. She calls help——

Ai. Mind her not.

L. W. Peace, or I'le ruine thee.

Yo. R. I have the Reputation of Enjoying you, now I'le have the pleaſure, conſent, or I'le kill you—— (*pulls out a Piſtoll.*

L. W. Oh Villain.

Ai. Pſhaw, raillery——

L. W. Peace.

Lau. Villain, I'le rather take thy bullets into my breaſt then thee; Thy Villany, and my folly have made my life hatefull, deprived me of My Lord *Wiſeman*, the braveſt of Men, and my Honour, he's gone for ever: My Honour, and I will recover. Kill me Villain, or to prove my Innocence I'le kill thee.

She ſeizes Ranters *Sword, and purſues him.*

Y. R. I'le Fire.

Lau. Do. [Ranter *Retreats.*

L. W. Hold, curſed Monſter. Oh! Madam, I want words to ſpeak your praiſe.

Ai. And I to ſpeak my Confuſion: Madam, I am greatly troubled——that you are come off with this Credit. (*aſide*

Lau. I am now ſenſible of my Folly, and henceforward my Lord, I will receive your Love as it deſerves.

L. W. How happy do you make me?

Ai. I'me mad at this——but no matter. I'le comfort my ſelf by fopping *Ranter* into Marriage——(*aſide.*) And muſt I be wretched with ſo much Love and Innocence?

L. W. You ſhall not— I'le puniſh *Ranter* by Marriage with thee. (*aſide.*) *Ranter*, you have abus'd me in my Miſtriſs and my Kinſwoman; But your Villanous Attempts on my Miſtriſs have been ſo Fortunate to me, I forgive you for 'em. And I am in ſo good humour, that in hopes you will amend, I deſire you may be kinſman, by Marriage, with my Couſen *Airy.*

Yo. R. I marry your Punk?

L. W. Such another word:——

Ai. Oh Cruel! I'le poyſon my ſelf.

Yo. R. Poyſon your ſelf and be damn'd.

Ai. I cannot bear it, I'le break my neck down Stairs.

L. W.

L. W. Stop her, ſtop her——Oh! thou barbarous wretch, how canſt thou be ſo cruell, to ſo much Love and Beauty? in ſhort Sir, your addreſſes to her, have, gain'd her heart, and injur'd her reputation, you ſhall marry her.

Yo. R. I' my Conſcience ſhe loves me: I had better have her, then this puppies Sword, he'l fight me again [*aſide*] I'm not to be huff'd Sir——The Ladies love has wrought upon me; I'le be a man of honour, and do her Juſtice.

Ai. Oh! my joy. Thank you dear Sir; I'le be a moſt fond wife, as ever was born——as ever was born——

Lo. W. And Mr. *Ranter* I'le be your kind freind and Kinſman: ſo *Couſin Ranter*, your Servant.

Ai. Never any one took ſo much pains, to preſs grapes, or make Cider or verjuice, as I ha' done to make falſe tears and faces—— [*aſide*

[*Enter* Julia, Bellamore.]

Ju. I hear ſtrange noiſes.

Lau. Oh! Sifter, here's a miraculous cure wrought on us all. Now, my Lord, whatever is of value in me, I reſigne to you for ever; what is vain and fooliſh in me I for ever renounce, as I do all mankind but you.

Lo. W. Oh! I am happy.

Bell. De'e ſee Madam? they'r advanc'd far in happineſs: ſhall we ſtay behind?

Ju. No Mr. *Bellamour*, we'le keep pace with them; and go as far as they in acknowledgements of Love; I'me ſure my Siſter will go no farther, without my Fathers leave.

Lau. No Siſter, our Lovers will be more generous then to preſs us to it.

Lo. W. We need not Madam; we ſhall ſpeedily be in your Fathers favour; the partition will be remov'd, I mean the Prieſts: we have diſcover'd rogueryes o' theirs.

Ju. That my Father has done to his coſt, *Finicall* has cheated my Father o' three thouſand pound.

Lo. W. Has he Madam. I'm ſorry your father bought the knowledge of him ſo dear: I'le help him to a better bargain preſently; a diſcovery of another roguery of *Finicalls*, that ſhall coſt my Lord nothing, but ſome bluſhes for favouring ſuch a Knave: Sir *Thomas Credulous* has long counterfeited a ſickneſs.

Lau. Has he not been ſick:

Lo. W. Of no diſeaſe but the Prieſts that make the whole Nation Sick. 'Twas all a trap laid for *Finicall*, who has long haunted his houſe, for ſome lewd ends as Sir *Thomas* ſuſpected, h'as now diſcover'd, and is reſolv'd to reveal to the whole world. Sir *Thomas* is my very good Freind, I lately gave him a viſit, and told me the whole plot, and deſir'd me to be aſſiſting in it. I promis'd him I wou'd, but my own affairs put it out o' my head; However 'tis yet time enough. I will to Sir *Thomas* preſently, and we'le get your Father there on ſome pretence or another.

Ju. That you may eaſily do, my Lord is related to my Lady *Credulous*.

Lo. W. I'm glad of it, mean while Couſin *Ranter* you ſhall have the ſtart of us in happineſs, and be married before us. Ladies, will you do my Couſins the honour

nour to be preſent at their marriage.

Lau. With all our hearts; we'le be bride-Maids.

Bell. And I'le be Brideman.

L. W. Do, and when the Marriage is over, come all to Sir *Thomas*'s. I'le borrow his Houſe to keep the Wedding in.

Yo. R. I'm in no haſt. I fancy 'tis better living in the Suburbs of Marriage, then within the Walls.

Ai. Good Mr. Mayor Elect, you ſhall Exerciſe no Authority, till you are within the Walls, and Solemnly Sworn. [*Ex.*

SCENE *Sir* Thomas Credulous's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Thomas, *Lady* Credulous. *Lady* Pinchgut, *and other Ladies*, Panſy.

La. C. Look, look, if the poor Soul, be not able to walk alone--oh! my joy--

Sr. Tho. I ſwear this is miraculous——

La. C. Oh dear! now cannot I bear my joy. Ladies a thouſand thanks to you, for this kind viſit. I muſt entertain you, that you may ſhare my happyneſs, or I ſhall run diſtracted.

1. *La.* Don't trouble your ſelf for us, Madam.

La. P. Yes, yes, Let her alone; ſhe's a good woman, and I love good people, and good junketting. [*Enter a Footman*

La. C. Oh thank you good Madam.

Foot. Madam my Lord *Stately's* Coach is at the door.

La. C. Oh receive him with all reſpect poſſible. [*Enter* Ld *Stately.* My Lord *Stately*, your Lordſhips moſt humble Servant. I humbly thank your Lordſhip, for the great honour you do my poor husband by this viſit.

Ld Sta. Madam, Sir *Thomas* is a Gentleman of a Family, and your Ladiſhip is my kinswoman: I reſpect you both: pray be Miſtreſs o Ceremonies, and direct me how I muſt behave my ſelf to theſe Ladies: have I e're a Siſter among 'em? ha?

La. C. A Siſter, my Lord:

Lo. Sta. A Siſter Counteſſe? ha?

La. C. No, my Lord, they'r only private Ladies that come to viſit me.

Lo. Sta. Then a Generall complement ſhall ſuffice: Ladies all, your humble Servant: heark you, Madam, ſpeak to the Ladies now I am here, to let down their Trains, 'tis not manners in the preſence of a man o' my quality to cock up their tayls.

La. C. Pray pardon 'em my Lord, they only come in diſhabillees to viſit me, and did not expect your Lordſhip.

Lo. Sta. Well, where's the ſick man? oh! Sir *Thomas* how doſt thou do, Sir *Thomas?* what?

Sr. Tho. Oh! my Lord, I'm ſtrangely recover'd all o' the ſudden.

Lo Sta. Ha? recover'd? oh! alas! here's my Lady *Pinchgut*. Oh Madam! how unfortunate was I, not to ſee your Ladiſhip?

La. P. I thought you wou'd not have taken notice o' me.

Lo. Sta.

Lo.Sta. Madam, 'twas my misfortune; I beg millions o' pardons: will your Ladiſhip be ſo charitable, to let me confer with the ſick man?——well? recover'd? ha?

Sr.Tho. Recover'd? ha? he thinks o' nothing but his ſtate and greatneſs; he minds not whether I am ſick or dead. Becauſe he's above the common rank o' men, he thinks he muſt be above common ſence, and humanity. [*aſide.*

My Lord *Wiſeman* you are wellcome—— [*Enter* Lord *Wiſeman.*

Lo. W. Your Servant Sir *Thomas.* My Lord *Stately* your Lordſhips moſt humble Servant.

Lo. Sta. He here? then I ſhall be uneaſy. [*aſide.*

La.C. Oh! my Lord, you are wellcome to a wedding, Sir *Thomas* is a new man, and I'm a new Bride; we are a new couple again.

Lo. W. Your Ladiſhip can tell me no news concerning that matter, but I can tell ſome to you, and all this good Company; conſiderable news, that concerns their Honour, Religion, and ſome part o' their Fortune.

Lo. Sta. How, how? what's that? what?

Ladies. Oh! let's hear! let's hear! we long to hear.

Lo. W. In one word, you are all abus'd by one Father *Finicall.*

La. C. How? do you come to abuſe my Lord *Finicall*:

1. *La.* Nay, if perſons come hither to abuſe my Lord *Finicall*: I am gone; my Coach there.

Ladies. All our Coaches, all our Coaches, we le not hear this.

Lo. Sta. This is to put an affront upon me becauſe I favour'd the knave.

Sr. Tho. Hold, Ladies, pray what I can ſay?

1. *La.* Ay ſpeak, you have reaſon to ſpeak for him, you are his Convert.

Sr. Tho. Then know, I have never been ſick, only pretended ſickneſs, in order to make ſome diſcoveries which I have done. *Finicall* has cheated my Lord *Stately* and all theſe Ladies of money, which if they pleaſe he ſhall refund: He has alſo attempted the debauching my wives woman *Panſy*; a virtuous maid, who honeſtly inform'd me of it, and by my order encourag'd him to betray him.

La. C. Oh! abominable! huſsy? you are a lying baggage; and Sir *Thomas* you are a wicked Proteſtant, and as bad a Proteſtant as ever you were: you ſay this to abuſe my Lord, I had rather you were in your Grave, you break my heart. [*weeps*

1. *La.* Fye Sir *Thomas*; you may be aſham'd.

Sr. Tho. Of what Madam? ſpeaking truth: when I pretended to be at death's door, I have been at another door, and ſeen and heard *Finicalls* knavery.

La. C. I won't believe you.

Sr. Tho. Will you believe your own eyes?

La. C. No that I won't. If I ſaw him a-bed with *Panſy* I'de beleive 'twere the Devill.

Lad. So wou'd I——So wou'd I——

La. P. I know not what to ſay to all this; I confeſs I do think my Lord *Finicall* ſtrains our purſes too hard, and I cou'd be glad to get ſome of my money.

La. C. How Madam? do you finde fault with my Lord *Finicall*? I know why you do it; becauſe he won't allow you in your Covetous humours; nor let you

diſgrace

disgrace the Church, as you do, to that degree, we are asham'd to own you.

La. P. Asham'd to own me? I think my quality is above yours.

La. C. Yes Madam, you have quality and estate enough: your wealth is your shame; a rich Lady starve her family:

La. P. Madam, you are an ill-bred abusive person to talk thus, of a person of my quality. I know what I do: But my Servants are Protestants, and rail at me, because I make 'em keep the fasts o' the Church.

La. C. Are your horses Protestants? you make them keep fasting-days too; and lock up your Oates in your Closet, for fear your Coachman shou'd feed 'em too well.

Lo. Sta. Oh! abominable! the Coachman told me this, and my Lady deny'd it.

La. C. Did she so? fye upon her; she knows I know it to be true.

Ladies. We all know it: we all know it.

Lo. Sta. Oh! how I am asham'd? Madam, our affair is at an end.

La. P. An end? what care I? I care not a farthing for you, I only regarded your estate; but I see you are a prodigall man, and will run our your estate and mine too; so you may go which way you will.

Lo. Sta. Agreed——agreed, Madam.

Lo. W. Pray hear me one word more.

La. C. No, no, we have heard enough o' this stuff.

Sr. Tho. By your leave Wife, he shall be heard.

Lo. W. Does not *Sr. Thomas* pretend to go out o' Town to day by the Doctors order?

La. C. I don't know what he pretends, nor I don't care, he's such a wicked man.

Lo W. You know he does Madam, and you know you told my Lord *Finicall* of it. And what ensued thereon? *Finicall* fairly resolv'd to make a brothell o' your house to night, and enjoy Mrs *Pansy* here, who by Sir *Thomas's* Order pretended to be left behind. And that your own eyes and ears may be witnesses of the truth of what I have told you, we have sent a messenger to *Finicall* with a Letter from Mrs *Pansy* to let him know her Master and Lady are gone. Do you all conceal your selves, and if he does not come, and in the sight and hearing of you all, own how he gulls you all, laugh at you all, and then endeavour to debauch Mrs *Pansy*, I'le be of your Religion.

La. C. Well if he does——I'le be——I'le be——I don't know what Religion I'le be of.

Lo. Sta. I finde all sorts o' Preists are such knaves, and so confound us, that I shall be of no Religion.

Pan. My Lord, your Messenger is come [*Enter* Messenger.

Lo. W. So, did you meet with my Lord *Finicall*?

Mes. Yes, my Lord, and deliver'd Mrs *Pansyes* Letter to him; as soon as he read it, he smil'd, and bid me say he wou d be with her immediately.

La. C. Oh! I am ready to swoun, I'm afraid all this is truth.

Ladies. Oh! we shall be all horribly asham'd.

Lo. Sta. And I; for I ha' countenanc'd this Rascall.

Pan. My Lord *Finicall*'s Coach is at the door.

Lo. W. Hide, hide, and call the Servants up.

Pan. Away, away, I have taken care about that.

[*All run off the Stage but* Pansy.

[*Enter* Finicall.]

Fin. Mrs *Pansy*, how dost thou do, my sweet Love? my only earthly consolation? Is all the Family gone?

Pan. Just gone.

Fin. That's well——come my dear.

Pan. Nay really my Lord I dare not venture upon this

Fin. There's no harm in't, upon my word Child:

Pan. Your word, my Lord? wou'd you have me take your word for my Soul?

Fin. Ay, believe it, Child. Is there any other foundation of faith, then the word o' the Church? 'Tis the misery of *England* that they will not take our words; but every one manages his Faith by his fancy, and you see in what confusion you are in. But oh! the happy Unity abroad, where Nations live like Sisters in *Obedience* to *Rome* the common Parent.

Pan. Those Sisters Scratch and bite.

Fin. About Secular interests. Their Faith is one. There we have credit to take up whole Kingdoms upon tick: Upon my word Mrs *Pansy*, it is and has been long the opinion of Holy-men, that this is the only way by which Preists may lawfully hold carnall Communion with the fair Sex. For these solid reasons, listen Mrs *Pansy*.

Pan I shall my Lord? 'Twill be worth hearing, no doubt. [*aside.*

Fin. 'Tis certainly most lawfull to circumvent a dangerous enemy by all frauds, it has ever been a holy Stratagem o' Preists, to pretend to more power over the flesh, then perhaps mortall man can attain, in this life; thereby religiously to deceive the world, into a bold contest with a seeming baffl'd Foe; whereas if we marry, we confess the enemy cannot be conquer'd, the Flesh wou'd prevail, and we shou'd fall into contempt. We therefore to keep our selves in veneration, carry Saint-like Chastity, or at least the Image of it before us. And though like the Bearers o' my Lord-Mayors Pageants, we may have many a secret foul step, we must keep our Pageant pure, for that is seen, we are hid. But truly I wou'd also keep my self pure, and that I profess I design by this correspondence.

Pan. Ay, how so, pray my Lord?

Fin. I wou'd confine my wandring fancy, to thy sweet embraces, and be chast to all women but thee. Nay our embraces shall be chast, since we will have chast intentions, and not come together so much to gratify as to mollify our carnal desires, and bring 'em to nothing.

Pan. I don't know what to say to you my Lord, you are a great Schollar, and I cannot answer you, but after all, this does appear ill.

Fin.

Fin. That ſignifies nothing, Child; an Angell will ſometimes appear like a man; yet is he no man, nor no Sinner by putting ſuch a fraud upon the world: we Preiſts are forc'd to appear in many ſhapes, yet are we holy Prieſts ſtill, and our frauds holy being for holy ends: we appear to be friends to this Hereticall Nation, but alas, we Prieſts, are of no Nation, for no Nation but our own, the holy Roman Eccleſiaſticall Nation of Prieſts, of which his Holyneſs, is the head; and though we may appear friends and Subjects to other Princes, we neither are, nor ought to be for any other Prince but as he is our loving Brother; and dutifull fellow-Subject to the Pope.

Pan. But is that fair.

Fin. Divinely fair, to thoſe who have eyes of faith, and can ſee the beauty of things Supernaturall; how far in glory they are above things naturall, we appear friends to ſome Proteſtants, who are ſo ſimple to be reall friends to us: As for inſtance my Lord *Stately* a vain Court-ſlave and Coxcomb——I appear a friend to that fool.

[*Lord* Stately *offers to ruſh in and ſtrike* Fin.]
[*but is held by Lord* Wiſeman *and the reſt.*]

Lo. Sta. A Raſcall.

Lo. W. Peace— [*Thruſts Lord* Stately *back*

Fin Is there any body in the houſe?

Pan. No, the noiſe is in the next houſe.

Fin. Here's my Lady *Credulous*, and other ſimple Ladies, we appear as ſimple as they, and to believe all the ſimple ſtories we tell 'em. There's a divine wiſedom in the Church that enables her to deceive for good. Here's my Lady *Pinchgut* a horrible Covetous wretch, we deceive her of her money, for our good and hers; her money wou'd damn her; we deceive my Lord *Stately*, and other Proteſtant fools, o' their money, and let 'em be damn'd too; why? they wou'd be damn'd whether we deceiv'd 'em or no; ſo we make 'em do ſome good; and are falſe to them, but ſincere to our calling of Prieſthood.

Pan. I doubt you deceive me too.

Fin. So I do Mrs *Panſy*, if you take me to be a wanton man; I profeſs I come to you with holy ends; that we may quench our carnall deſires, embrace each other into Angells and love for ever with a Seraphique love.

Pan. I know not how to anſwer you, nor reſiſt you.

Fin. Then come to my arms my religious dear.

[*Lord* Stately, *Lord* Wiſeman, *Sir* Thomas, *Lady* Credulous, *Lady*
[Pinchgut, *and all the* Ladies *ruſh upon* Finicall.

Lo. Sta. Oh! you rogue——Ile appear——

La. C. We'le all appear——Tear him to pieces.

Ladies. Tear him to pieces,

Sr. Tho. Hold, hold, let him give us our money firſt.

Ladies. Ay, Sir, our money; our money——

Fin. I'm in a dreadfull ſnare —ſpare me I'le do't.

Sr. Tho. Carry him in and ſecure him while we draw up our accounts. Now will you be fool'd by theſe fellows any more?

La. C. Never while I live —

Ladies. Nor I, nor I.

La. C. Pancy, for this honeſty o' thine I'le adopt thee my daughter.

Lo. W. I hope your Lordſhip is now convinc'd, Mr. *Bellamour* and I bore you all manner of Sincere friendſhip and honour, when we endeavour'd to break your league with 'em.

Lo. Sta. My Lord, you were men of honour in it, and to ſhew my reſpect to you, you ſhall ha' my daughters. Go home with me.

Lo. W. The Ladies will be here preſently, my Lord; Sir *Thomas*, I muſt borrow the houſe for a good work.

Sr. Tho. Command it my Lord.

Lo. W. 'Tis to Celebrate the reformation of *Ranter*. He has deſerted his lewdneſs and honeſtly liſted himſelf among the virtuous married party. He has maryed my Couſin *Airy*. Mr. *Bellamour* is one of his Bridemen, and your fair Daughters my Lord, have done my Couſin *Airy* the honour to be her Bridemaids.

Lo. Sta. Well, I like it well enough. [*Enter a* Servant.

Ser. Madam, here's a wedding below, askes for your Ladiſhip and my Maſter.

Sr. Tho. Bring 'em up: They'r wellcome

[*Enter Young* Ranter, Airy, *Old* Ranter Laura,
[Bellamour, Julia, Dulman.

Lo. W. Couſins I wiſh you joy. My Lord my couſin is a bride.

Lo. Sta. I wiſh you joy Madam —[*all Salute* Airy. What Mr *Ranter* will be a new man?

Yo. R. Ask my Wife; ſhe knows beſt what ſhe intends to make me.

Dul. She can make nothing of thee, but a curious fellow.

O. R. For my part I'le give over mankind, and ſtick to Cock-fighting, and Bull-bayting; which are the beſt ſports in Town. I cou'd not live if it 'twere not for Cocks and Bulls.

[*Enter Lady* Pinchguts Coachman.

Co. Muſt I wait Maſter?

La. P. Wait, Sirrah! did you bring the wedding in my Coach?

Co. I your Coach? no, if I had, I muſt ha' drawn it my ſelf, your horſes cou'd not do't. I'le ſtarve no longer in your ſervice, I'm hiring my ſelf to a Hack.

Lo. Sta. Sirrah you are a Sawcy fellow; but you ha' told truth of the Lady, ſo there's five Guinneys for you.

Co. Ah? boys? thank your honour: now I ſhall uſe my Chops again.

Re. R. Are you given to telling truths, Sirrah; If you had been given to ly-

ing

ing I'de ha' took you into my Service.

Co. Oh! Sir, I'le lye with any man in Chriſtendome, or woman either.

Yo. R. Then thou ſhall be my Coachman.

Lo. Sta. This *Ranter* is as bad as ever.

Lo. W. No, my Lord, this is only a fooliſh pride he takes of appearing worſe then he is.

Lo. Sta. I'm glad my Daughters are rid of him; and to ſecure 'em from ſuch companions, my Lord and Mr. *Bellamour*, I beſtow 'em upon you.

Lo. W. My Lord you give us what no man can deſerve.

Bell. We'le ſtudy to do't.

Lo. W. My Lady *Credulous* the Bride is my kinswoman, ſo the Treat to night is mine, and I invite all this good Company..

La. C. In my houſe my Lord.

Lo. W. The houſe is mine to night Madam. See Mr, *Ranter*.

In thoſe ſweet boſomes, we admiſſion finde,
Whence you wild braves, are ſhut like blaſting-winde.

[*Exit.*

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Priests have the Keys of Heaven and Hell they boast;
No doubt to both, they let in many a Ghost.
But we to day have Ranting Sparks display'd,
Can damn themselves, without the Church's aid.
Who count it Glorious to Drink, Whore, and Swear,
And rather wou'd be catch'd at Rapes then Prayer.
But Heav'ring Heaven, they will not trust it far,
Therefore our Play-house *is their Seat of War.*
And they Encounter without Wit or fear,
Dang'rous French *Forces, in lew'd Vizards here.*
Our Heroes *once in* France *great Fame did gain:*
Our Masques, give France *Revenge, and spoil the strein.*
The Masques, no doubt, are Pensioners of France.
'Tis Treason now French *Interest to Advance:*
And French *Commodities are all by Law*
Doom'd to be burnt---- Then you bold Masques withdraw,
Or else the Custom-House *will seize you all,*
And make our House to the Prize-Office *fall.*
To revive English *Vertue, drive away*
Folly and Vice, is aim'd at in this Play.
To Friends of England *that must well appear,*
And such no doubt is every Creature here.

Books